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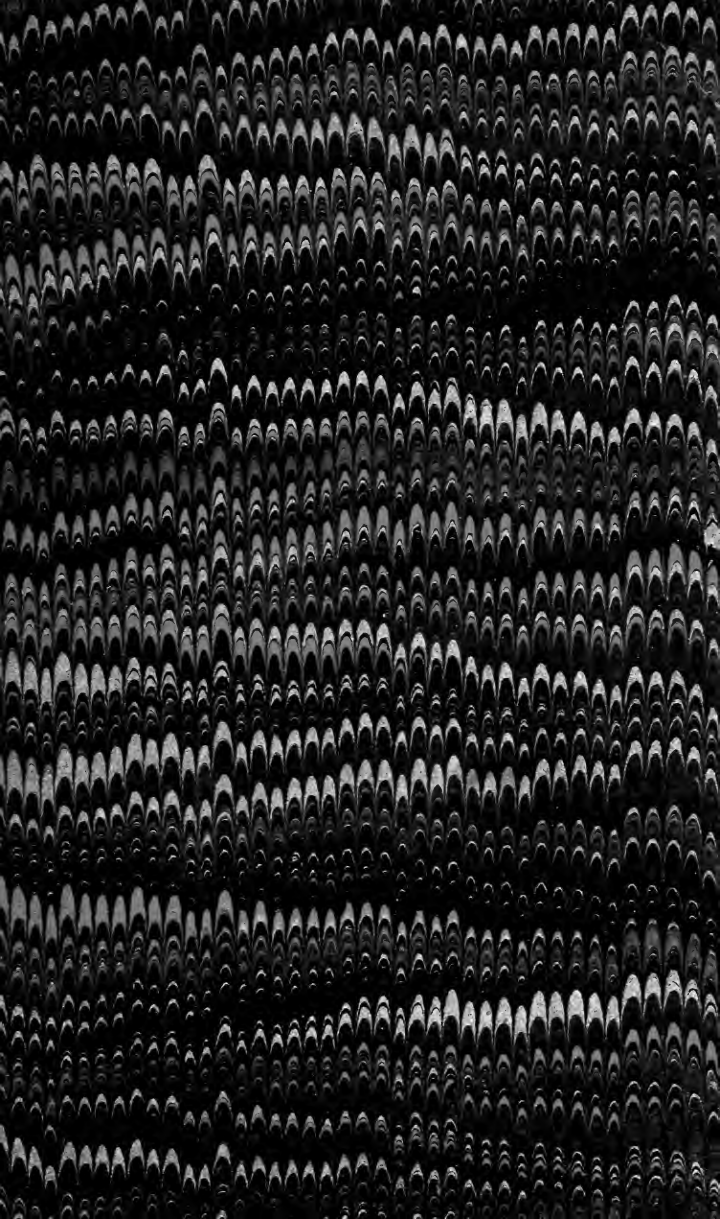
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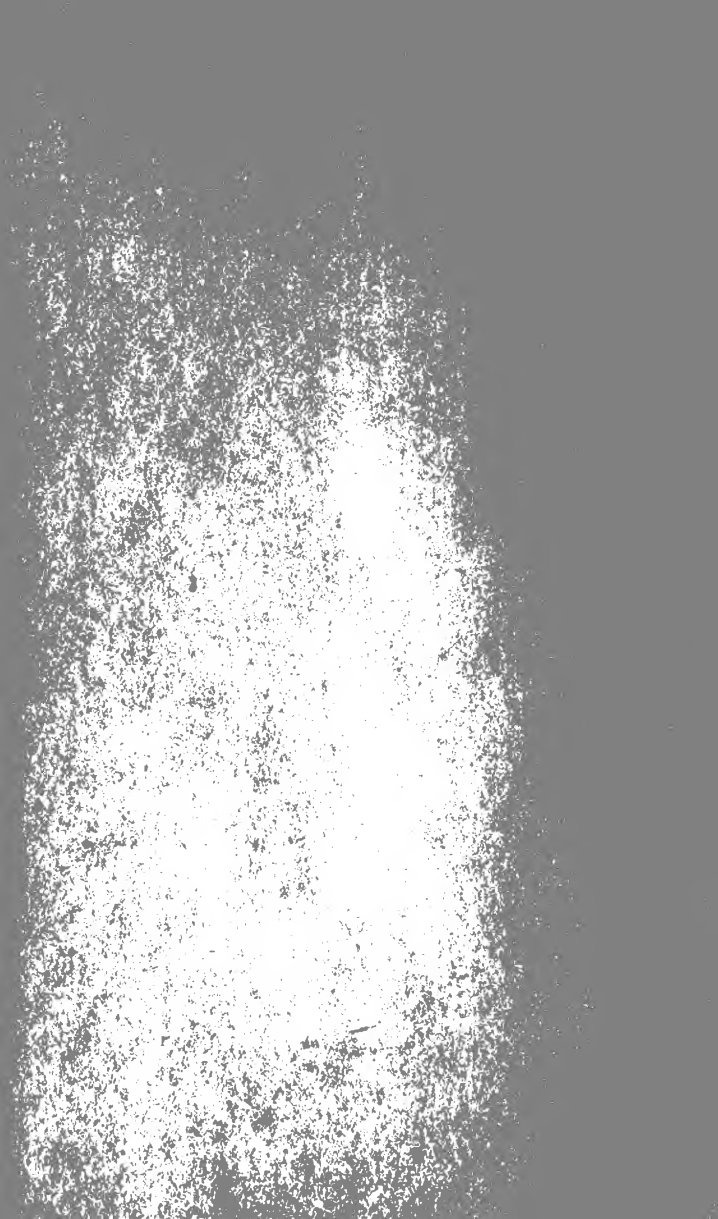
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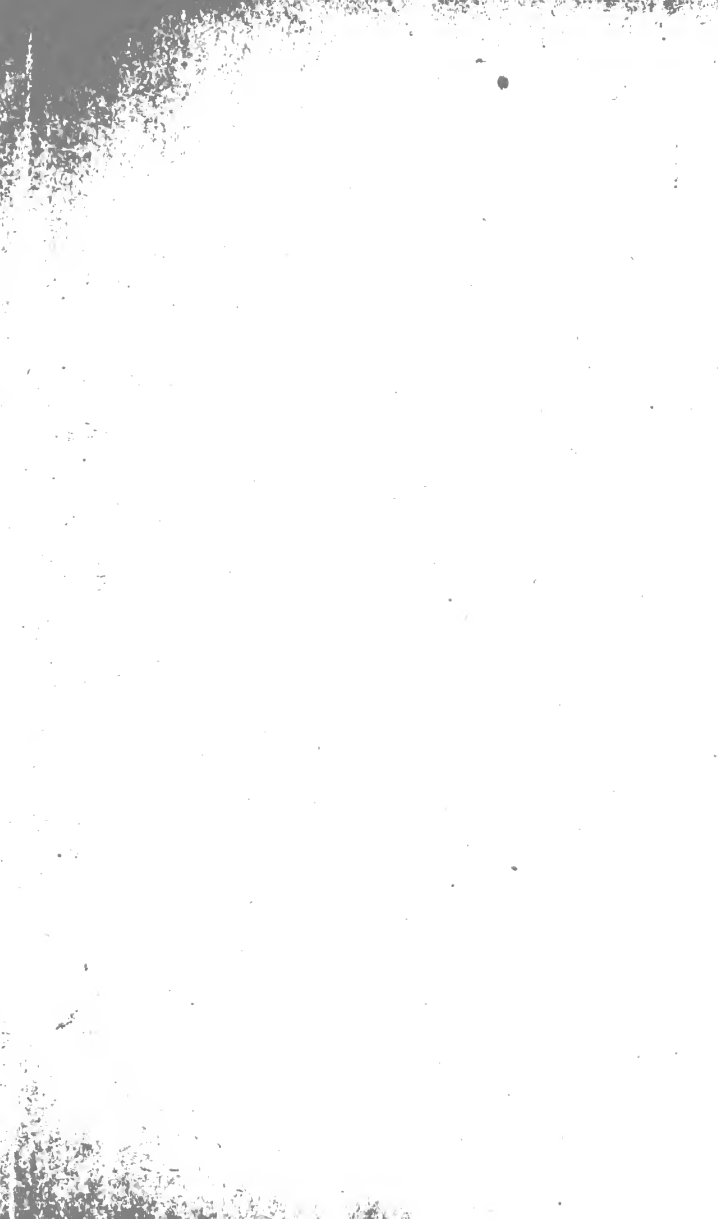
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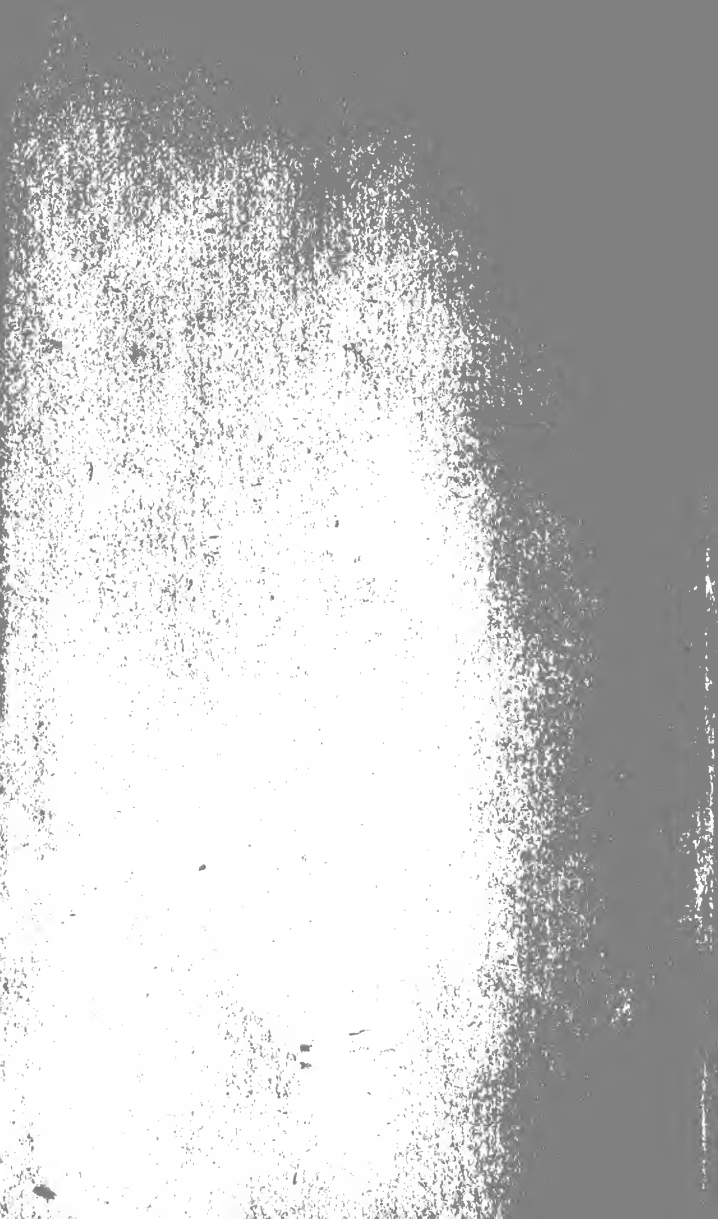
1811

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











ADRIAN AND ORRILA;

OR,

J. H. Smith

A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE:

A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM DIMOND, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HERO OF THE NORTH, HUNTER
OF THE ALPS, YOUTH, LOVE, AND FOLLY,
THE PEASANT BOY, &c. &c.

"Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood stained sword in thunder down."

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE LONGWORTHS,
At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakspeare-Gallery.

Sept.—1811.



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PROLOGUE.

Long has the stage, determined to impart
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse :
In fancy's rose no vivid color sees,
Unless that vividness, the just can please ;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them ;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root !
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth and sense, and honor claim the scene !

When love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are NATURE'S SIGHS :
When persecuted worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are VIRTUE'S TEARS.

But to our author : each dramatic bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard ;
Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
They gain at most, employ'd in such a cause,
Uncertain honor, fugitive applause !
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,
Half sunk by these ; and just upheld by those ;
For in our days when envy smiles to sting,
Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.
Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you ;
You, for whose favor every wit is bright,
All critics comment, and all heroes fight !
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, consolidated praise ;

For truth acknowledges, in nature's name,
 The SMILES of BEAUTY are the WREATHS of FAME !
 Urged still by them, by their reward impress,
 Each noble passion animates the breast ;
 They form the heart to every aim refined,
 Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Prince of Altenburg	- - -	Mr. Cooke
Count of Rosenheim	- - -	Munden
Adrian	- - -	C. Kemble
Michael	- - -	Liston
Friedbert	- - -	Denman
Leopold	- - -	Chapman
Anselm	- - -	Waddy
Xavier	- - -	Treby
Haufroy (<i>a minstrel</i>)	- - -	Bellamy
Lothaire (<i>a page</i>)	- - -	Mrs. C. Kemble
Orrila of Rosenheim	- - -	Miss Brunton
Madame Clermont	- - -	Smith
Githa (<i>governess to Orrila</i>)	- - -	Mrs. Mattocks
Minna	- - -	Miss Tyrer
Louitgarde (<i>her cousin</i>)	- - -	Bristow
Ida	- - -	Waddy

Domestics, falconers, male and female peasants, &c.

SCENE—The electorate of Saxony, about twenty leagues from Dresden.

TIME—From day-break until late in the evening.

ADRIAN AND ORRILA.

A C T I.

SCENE 1—*a valley scattered at intervals with rustic dwellings—the cottage of Michael towards the front—a wooden bridge crosses a rivulet at the bottom of the stage—MINNA is discovered spinning.*

MICHAEL is seen running eagerly over the bridge.

Mich. Minna! Minna! Minna!

Min. Only one of that name is here to answer you, yet you would call upon a dozen.

Mich. Oh! such news! such news!

Min. Indeed!

Mich. I have ran myself out of breath to tell it you.

Min. When told, shall I think it worth the hearing?

Mich. Oh! such wonderful news!

Min. Well, what is it about?

Mich. I dont know that; but I know there is *some* news—great, surprising, miraculous news, which when divulged, will fling the whole district into consternation!—two messengers from Dresden have arrived at the castle since day-break—the whole family seem ready to jump out of their skins for joy—the old armor is scouring in the great hall—fires lighting in the state-chambers—the covers taken off the best chairs—my lady Orrila, running like a fawn from room to room, giving directions every-where—dame Githa putting on her holiday stomacher and coif, and master Anselm the

butler, uncorking a batch of the famous old rhenish—are not all these proofs of news, aye, and of prodigious news?

Min. So, then you have returned from the castle without learning the particulars? out upon you, simpleton.

Mich. There now—every body takes the liberty of calling me names; but I am no simpleton, madam wife. I took all possible pains to learn the secret, but nobody would attend to me; “master Anselm,” says I, “inform me of the news”—“ask no questions, clown,” replied the butler, and pushed me backwards—“dame Githa,” said I, bowing respectfully in her face, “tell me the meaning of this confusion”—stand out of my way, numscull,” answered the dame, and boxed my ears withal:—still I persevered to inquire, but the very scullions had the audacity to grin in my face, and refuse me an answer.

Min. My poor husband, with what uncivil treatment do you always meet!

Mich. Aye, and I too, who am myself the most polite and well-educated person in the district—the first in consequence and property of all the vassals upon count Rosenheim’s domain—the owner of the prettiest cottage, the master of the prettiest horse——

Min. And above all, the husband of the prettiest woman!

Mich. True, very true, my charming wife!—but I don’t regard the impertinence of people—my penetration is such, that I can read most human events, without borrowing spectacles of my neighbor—and I foresee that this day will be proclaimed a festival upon some account or other—so, I shall be prepared to appear with propriety at the moment—I’ll change these clothes and put on my handsome holiday suit directly.

Min. What! before the festival is proclaimed?

Mich. Yes, that whenever pleasure opens her ball-room, I may be ready to step forward with a grace, and offer myself as her partner for the first dance.—Wife, have you locked up my clothes?

Min. No—the key is in the closet.

Mich. Then I'll array myself at once—I shall wear my bright orange doublet, and my scarlet hose, my blue jerkin, with poppy colored sleeves—my hat and feather, and then a beautiful boquet of dutch tulips! there will be a coup d'oeil!

Min. Exquisite indeed! nobody in the village will be dressed like you.

Mich. No, no; I flatter myself Michael Von Trus-selburg can make himself a conspicuous figure upon most occasions.

[*exit into cottage*]

Min. Go thy ways, for a kind-hearted, light-witted, merry, silly fellow! what can this bustle at the castle mean? but so the dear lady Orrila be happy there, I care not. Let the sun shine, and the faces of those she loves, look cheerly, Minna rises from her humble bed contented, and meets the morning ever with a song of welcome!

AIR—MINNA.

Ah! welcome merry hour of dawn!
The fresh breeze rustling through the corn,
The rising sun's prelusive beams
That dance in gold on glassy streams,
The gossamer's fine silvery thread
That lightly floats o'er field-flower's head,
The dew-drops left the weeping night,
That crown green leaves with beads of light,
Now sweetly swell the peasant's lay
And greet the blue-eyed blushing day!

The highland blast of hunter's horn,
The sheep-bell tinkling from the lawn,
The sky-lark's shrill rejoicing call,
The low of kine from grassy stall,
The honey-maker's murmur'd song,
While trading flowery banks along,
The sprightly dash of falling floods
And all the music of the woods,

Now sweetly swell the peasant's lay
And greet the blue-eyed blushing day!

LOTHAIRE appears upon the bridge.

Loth. (pausing half way) Aye! there stands the old cottage—and yon little tripping gentlewoman—yes—tis she herself! (*crosses the bridge*)

Min. What a handsome, gay-looking cavalier! whom can he want in this valley?

Loth. (comes forward and parades about the stage with consequence—sings) “And he conquered the world with his row de row!” (*stealing a look*) yes—tis she!

Min. How the little varlet struts!—he must be a person of consequence by his pomposity.

Loth. She does not recollect me yet. I'll try how much five years have altered me—save you good woman!

Min. The like to you, sweet sir! faith he's a comely youth!

Loth. Pr'ythee! can you direct me to the cottage of one Minna, the daughter of old Albert and Agnes Geisler—who married a wealthy peasant in this valley!

Min. You mean Michael Von Trusselburg—ah! sweet sir, yonder is his house, and here stands his wife—I am Minna! (*curtseying low*)

Loth. Indeed! then by my guess, you had once a brother—

Min. Yes sir, a wild, scape-grace of a boy, who ran away from home, five years since, to seek his fortune at Dresden—

Loth. A sad, wicked, mischievous creature, I suppose.

Min. Bad enough, indeed sir; he was always the terror of the village. Eternally in some evil scrape from his cradle—though I, as his elder sister, took great pains to warn him against such courses.

Loth. Umph!—do you remember, when he robbed the curate's orchard, and you stood under the hedge to

catch the apples in your lap, as he plucked them from the tree?

Min. Oh! the saints! who could have told you that?

Loth. Ah! Minna!

Min. Mercy! now I look at your features—if it were not for that laced mantle, and that plume of feathers—

Loth. For whose brother would you take me?

Min. Why is it—no, surely it cannot be—

Loth. Yes, but it is, Minna! sister Minna!

(catches her in his arms)

Min. Lothaire! are you then Lothaire in earnest? oh! welcome, a thousand times, my dear, unruly, mischievous, truant brother!

Loth. No less a greeting to yourself, my dear, ungrateful, scandalous, and story-telling sister!

Min. Mercy! how the boy is grown!

Loth. Yes, the little, ragged, barefooted, mischief-loving urchin, who left your threshold five years since, returns at least, well clothed and fed—a few inches taller—many maxims wiser—ducats in his purse, and happiness bounding at his heart. But I have twenty millions of questions to ask—have you been ill since I left you? are you well now? where's your husband? how many children have you got? is the old one eyed mare still alive?

Min. Hold, hold! I claim my sex's privilege, and must indulge my own curiosity, before I consent to gratify yours—to begin—whence come you? and what is your business here?

Loth. Ah, sister—the little village boy is grown into a great man at court—I am in the secrets of one who is in the secrets of every body—confidential page to the great prince Altenburg—prime minister of Saxony, a palace is my residence, and I associate purely with stars and ribbons—white wands and black rods—privy counsellors and public orators—gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and maids of honor.

Min. A courtier, oh, that ever I should live to have a brother at court.

Loth. Now, to your second question—my present business? marry, at the castle of Rosenheim—where within this very hour I kissed the fair hand of lady Orrila, and delivered, on my knee, a letter from the prince, my master. Day had just begun to break, when I reached the summit of the hill that overlooks my native valley—ah! Minna, how painfully, yet how joyously did my heart flutter at that moment—for five years I had not seen the spot, yet every object lived as freshly in my memory, as if it were but yesterday that I had left it—the twitter of the birds, the sheep bell tinkling from the fold—the lazy murmur of the rivulet—nay, the very winds that whistled through the pine-trees all of them sounded to me like the voices of familiar friends, and awakened their echoes at my heart; I paused for an instant on the height, and my eyes wistfully traversed the space below, delighted, yet distracted where to fix their gaze; to the right, arose a moss grown spire—twas the church where I had lisped my earliest prayers. On the left, stood the village school, by many a childish care and childish joy endeared. And yet a little further, nestled in a dell, as the blue mists of morning floated past, I beheld the humble cot where I was born. A confused feeling rushed upon my soul—at first I thought it joy, but tears trickled down my cheek, and then I doubted of its source. “My home, oh, god! my home,” I cried—the wide divorce of space was in that breath dissolved—and while my body loitered still a league behind, my winged soul at once flew hither, beat at your casement, and fluttered to your arms. (*flings himself on Minna’s neck and kisses her*)

MICHAEL enters from the house, new dressed.

Mich. There, now I am dressed and I think I shall strike—heyday—a stranger kissing my wife! marry—but I shall strike before I expected—(*passes between them*) holla—youngster—every bee to his own hive—you steal no sweets from those lips, I promise you.

Min. Bumpkin—hast no manners? learn to treat

a gentleman with more respect—he comes from court.

Mich. Ay, but he does not come to court here!

Loth. Ha, ha! Minna, your husband is no changeling. Why Michael: do not you know this face?

Mich. Yes, for a plaguy brazen one.

Loth. Nay, master churl, I am not to be answered thus. Harkee man, shake hands heartily, pledge me in a cup of rhenish, and cry “welcome brother-in-law, after five years absence!”

Mich. Hey, what, how! let me look in your face—ah, that knavish roll with the eye—I know you now, so then, young hopeful, you are returned at last.

Loth. Yes, and are you not rejoiced to see me again?

Mich. Oh—certainly—such a near relation of my wife’s—though to say the truth, I thought you rather too near just now.

Min. I trust you are convinced how absurd jealousy renders a husband; indeed, Michael, you have a poor, weak head.

Mich. Therefore it is, I am anxious to preserve it from superfluous burdens. (*a distant report of cannon is heard*) Hark, the great guns upon the castle rampart are firing. Now, madam Minna, will you believe me? did I not tell you some news had arrived? I knew that a messenger came to the castle this morning; and I knew that he brought a letter, which—no—I did not know that. Ah, how I wish any one would tell me what that letter contained.

Loth. I believe I could help you to the secret.

Mich. Oh, my dear bother-in-law, if you can, I shall be eternally obliged. Nobody loves a secret so well as I do; and nobody deserves to be trusted with one so soon—because my disposition is liberal, and I indulge all the neighborhood with the particulars, the moment I have learned them myself.

Loth. A powerful plea, truly. Well, then, learn that I was the messenger.

Mich. You; oh, brother-in-law, was it you? well, and the letter—

Loth. Announced to lady Orrila, that her father quits Dresden, and returns this day to his family and castle.

Mich. Old count Rosenheim returned, here's news ! its an epoch in the history of nations.

Loth. My master, the great prince Altenburg, accompanies the count, and is to remain for some days a visitor at the castle.

Mich. The prime minister of Saxony resident in our village, a solemn address must be offered on the occasion ; I shall be deputed to deliver it ; I say nothing of my talents for oratory, but if his excellency should discover any thing in my style, and think proper to appoint me to some situation in the government—however, I say nothing. So, my dear brother-in law, then you are in the service of prince Altenburg : describe his character to me ; that is, just hint his weak points.

Loth. I never yet have found them. Spots are said to exist on the sun's disk ; but a surrounding glory confounds the vain eye that would detect them there. Thus far, however, of my master will I say, he always makes his equals remember he is a prince, yet never forgets himself that his inferiors are men.

Mich. Is he married ?

Loth. He has been a widower for twenty years ; but if I mistake not, he will shortly part with his liberty again, and the fair hands of the count Rosenheim's daughter are destined to fix the rosy chain.

Min. What our young lady Orrila ! impossible, brother, she loves another.

Loth. Indeed ; educated in seclusion, who can be the object of her passion ?

Min. The handsome mr. Adrian, madame Clermont's son : they have loved each other from childhood, and the whole village has noticed their attachment.

Mich. Pooh, pooh ! never mind other folk's affairs ; but let us regard our own. I am so surprised, and so bewildered, that I protest I scarcely can collect my thoughts.

Min. If you were to leave them loose, nobody would stoop to pick them up.

Mich. In the first place, I must convene an assembly of the villagers; then, I must make a speech to them; then, I must make another speech to his excellency; and then—oh, brother in-law, what a troublesome thing it is to have the reputation for greater talent than our neighbors: now you who are a courtier, can't you assist me with a few phrases of compliment to fling in occasionally? pr'ythee, how would one of your true-bred court-orators deliver himself in my situation?

Loth. Nearly in your own style; utter many words with very little meaning—but, allons! we'll compose a notable effusion between us. You shall pledge me in a draught of the old vintage; and, as the test of friendship passes to our lips, fancy will dip her pinion in the cup, and gay conceits rise sparkling to the brim.

TRIO—LOTHAIRE, MINNA, MICHAEL.

Of wine, of rosy wine, around!

Oh! fill and froth the goblet high,

Let friendship's hand the cup compound,

Let love breathe o'er it one sweet sigh,

And fancy there shall nectar brew—

A draught of sunbeam steep'd in dew!

There's witchcraft in the generous grape!—

It spreads broad day through midnight gloom,

And bids, on Zembla's utmost cape,

Ideal roses breathe and bloom—

While mortals drink, old earth moves round,

And moving—*nearer heaven is found!*

[exeunt into cottage]

SCENE II—an apartment furnished with simplicity, and opening upon a lawn—madam CLERMONT enters with a hurried step—she seats herself, then rises suddenly again, and paces the stage in visible inquietude.

Mad. It will not be! I pass from chamber to chamber, but the same objects are still before my eyes. The

fiend follows me ; the fierce avenging fiend who never sleeps ! I strive to fly, but he pursues me every where ; he flits across my sight ; he mutters at my ear ; he will drive me mad ! *(she covers her face with her hands, for a moment, and then proceeds with more composure)* oh, that this day were blotted from the calendar ! oh, that it might return no more, or rather that it ne'er had been ! yet, on this very day, how beautiful does nature seem ! sunshine fills the heavens ; earth is dressed with flowers, and the soft morning wind steals lovingly against my cheek, even as the breath of infants, slumber-stilled and dreaming of delight. Thus ; ay, even thus, twenty years back, did nature smile upon this day. Waters of the Elbe ; your glassy bosom then reflected skies as cloudless, and on your margin, flowers as freshly bloomed, that bended not when zephyr kissed the bank ! yet *then*, amidst the peace of elements, how fearful was the warfare in this breast ! clear-flowing river ! a desolating storm, I visited your course, the fiend was at my heart, and vengeance in my power. Strait the revel of your swains was ended : from shore to shore, the sullen death-bell tolled, and all your echoes answered to the shriek of woe. Revenge was mine ; but ah ! remorse, unceasing and consuming is its bitter fruit—an accusing voice, in secret, tells me I have sinned : for twenty years, in my daily walks, upon my midnight pillow, conscience still has haunted me ; and now, this fatal morning, the anniversary of my crime, I feel new torments, and my pangs redouble ! have mercy, heaven ! I have sinned, but tears have flowed for my transgression ; accept my penitence ! pardon, pardon ! *(she sinks on one knee, and suppliantly raises her hands to heaven—ADRIAN enters from behind)*

Adr. In prayer—oh ! mother, may heaven grant whatever wish now meets its ear, and Adrian with his life-blood would repay the boon !

Mad. My son—bless thee, Adrian ! a mother's blessing be upon thee !

Adr. You give me what I came to crave ; this is

my birth day, and it seemed unwelcome till you had blessed it to me. But how is this ; you look pale, and your eyes are dim and heavy—mother, are you not well ?

Mad. Yes, I have had a restless night, but I am well, I must be well, for is not this my Adrian's birth day ? and do I not see him risen into manhood, healthful and happy ; all that my proudest wish could form him ?

Adr. Mother, there is a question I would ask of you, will you answer it ?

Mad. Assuredly you cannot ask, and I refuse to satisfy !

Adr. You have often told me that my father died, while I was yet an infant, and from the birth of memory I have only known one parent, one instructor, one protecting friend ; no visitors have ever passed our doors, except the family of Rosenheim, and some peasants of the neighboring village—this narrow valley, and its simple cultivators, have been to me the universe—when I have climbed the loftiest of our encircling hills, and from its breezy summit viewed the stretch of space beyond ; marked, on the crested rock, how castle towers or convent spires have gleamed ; watched o'er deep rivers, where the vessel glided merrily ; through the clear air, perceived the smoke from mighty cities rise ; and known, throughout the boundless scene that *man*, social *man*, held chartered range and free prescription sway. Ah, trust me, mother ; full often then a painful feeling has oppressed my heart, and I have sadly cried, “ Fair world : your bournes are many, and your children numberless : yet not one portal opens unto me ; among my fellow men, I may not claim “ a single friend ! ”

Mad. (*uneasily*) What would you infer ? to your question, Adrian !

Adr. I have often longed to propose it—but you always seemed to shun the subject—yet, indeed, my curiosity is so natural—so—

Mad. Indulge it freely—let me learn its object ?

Adr. This, then it is—have I no other living relative beside yourself? or in this wide creation are you the only person to whom I owe affection and respect?

Mad. (after a short pause) Adrian! I was myself an only child—my parents have long been dead, and other kindred I never knew.

Adr. But of my father's family; do no relations of his exist?

Mad. (with embarrassment) Tis—tis possible some may; but so long a period has elapsed since I have inquired or heard of them—

Adr. Yet they would remember our name, and acknowledge the connexion. Oh, mother, for your son's sake venture the experiment, and re-establish an intercourse with society.

Mad. (greatly agitated) It cannot be. Dear boy, do not ask my reasons; the theme is painful to me: be satisfied to learn, it cannot be!

Adr. I submit; but I also must regret.

Mad. And wherefore should you sigh for intimates you never knew! has your home become irksome to you? can the friends you already possess, no longer satisfy? does your mother cease to be beloved, and has the society of Orrila lost its charm?

Adr. Ah, no—dear as the vital fountains of my blood I prize my mother and my Orrila; but my heart is large enough to welcome strangers, yet take no jot of room from its natural inmates—it swells—it softens, and would fain expand to clasp all human nature in its warm embrace!

Mad. Oh, lovely season of ingenuous youth! when all is confidence, delightful novelty, and innocent belief—with feelings just as vivid, and with impulses as glowing, I entered upon life. At your age, I also thought the world my home, and all its creatures friendly; but my waking dream was brief—like our earliest parent, I gathered from the tree of knowledge, and lost my paradise.

Adr. But I have never proved the world's injustice—ought I to distrust, without experience of any danger?

Mad. Ah, when the vernal meadow tempts our feet, why must the fatal sting be felt, ere we can believe that serpents gender in the perfumed grass? but I am wrong, perhaps, to warn you: the joyous cup is now lifted to your lip, and mine should not be the hand to dash your draught with bitters prematurely mixed. No, my Adrian, long may your spirit hold its generous, ardent course, uncrossed by chances that have palsied mine. Yours is the age for unpolluted bliss; tis the sweet May month of your years; life's blue and sunny dawn, when fancy sweeps a harp in every wind, and hope flies laughing through unclouded skies!

(Orrila calls without)

Orr. Adrian! Adrian!

Adr. Hark, tis the voice of Orrila! (*ORRILA enters running from the lawn*)

Orr. Adrian! where are you? oh, I have had such a chase to reach you; but I am here at last—

Adr. Sweet Orrila! tis kind indeed to visit us thus early.

Orr. Oh, I was resolved to come; dame Githa forbade me to leave the castle, but I flatly refused obedience; no threats could detain; but away over hill and dale I flew direct, and left my poor governess to hobble after me in vain. I remembered whose birth-day it was; and see, Adrian, I am come not without my offering—(*presents a chain of fancy work*)—the device of this locket is my own execution, these links too were woven by me: will you promise to wear it sometimes for my sake?

Adr. Ever, ever! it shall lodge next my heart, a preserving amulet.

Orr. But I must hang the chain round your neck myself! (*Adrian kneels, and she fastens the locket*) now rise, my faithful knight! you bear my device upon your buckler!

Adr. Ah, whose hand so fit as *Orrila's* to fix a chain on Adrian!

Orr. Flatterer! but I must make swift use of my

visit, or Githa will be here. Oh, madam, I have such news to tell you—I know you will rejoice to hear it, because it occasions happiness to me.

Mad. Dear Orrila, you judge of my friendship rightly; what is the circumstance?

Orr. Count Rosenheim, that respected father, whose face I have not seen since infancy, but whose idea has never been absent from my memory—returns at last, to embrace his child, and give her the sweet assurance of a parent's love. Have I not cause for happiness? and will not my friends participate my joy?

Mad. They will—they must—the virtuous interchange of natural affections, is the sweetest offering, from mortals to their creator!

Orr. We are to have a succession of revels and gaieties at the castle—balls, masques and minstrelsy, without end—old Githa is in such confusion with preparing. We scarcely can find chambers to lodge the company.

Mad. Are count Rosenheim's travelling attendants so numerous?

Orr. No, my father's train might easily be lodged; but one of the ministers—his oldest friend and patron at court, visits the castle, in his company—tis the prince of Alienburg (*madam Clermont utters a sudden cry and clasps her hands in agony before her face*)

Adr. Mother!

Orr. Dearest friend!

Mad. (*struggling with emotion*) A sudden pang shot across my temples; twas dreadful, but tis past; excuse me, Orrila, if I retire an instant.

Orr. Let me lead you to your chamber.

Mad. No, I require no aid; a minute's quiet will restore me—I must be alone; I command you, Adrian, let no one follow me—tis accomplished—I am lost!

[*aside, & exit*]

Orr. Heavens, how terrible and sudden her disorder! Adrian, did your mother complain of illness before I came?

Adr. Yes, but slightly; I think she started at the

name of Altenburg—can she have known this prince?

Orr. Oh, no; at least it is improbable; for eighteen years madame Clermont has not left the valley, and the prince never visited this country till now

Adr. Yet twas strange; what is the prince's age?

Orr. Nearly the same as my father's; he has been described to me as an excellent man, but unfortunate—he lost a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, in the bloom of youthful beauty, and shortly after a darling child, the only memorial of his ill starred wedlock, by accident was drowned in the Elbe. Cares of government have since engrossed his life, though a secret sorrow still is said to prey upon his heart.

Adr. But the gaities of Rosenheim castle will dispel his sadness—such crowds of company—such variety of sports, you will doubtless be very happy, Orrila. (*sighs*)

Orr. Assuredly, but will not you partake my happiness? how is it, Adrian! that when *my* heart throbs with rapture, *yours* beats but coldly? does it displease you, that I should feel rejoiced?

Adr. No; but if it did, the displeasure of a worm like me could matter little. Pageantry will delight the eye; the song of minstrels vibrate on the ear, and through the glittering halls, where princes wait to catch her smile, the heiress of Rosenheim will pass elate, while Adrian and his humble fortunes are forgotten.

Orr. Unkind and undeserved! now could I scold you by the hour, without a pause for breathing—but I see you are unhappy, and I check my spleen. Tell me, ingrate! when did Orrila banquet on a selfish joy, nor share it with her Adrian? or, when did your eye droop in sorrow, and mine not weep for fellowship? ah, trust me, lightly should I prize the varnished flatteries of courtly strangers, poised with the plain sincerity of one familiar friend!

Adr. Kind, generous Orrila, then I shall sometimes still be present to your thoughts!

Orr. Ay, and to my sight also. You must visit me daily at the castle; my father will rejoice to see you

there, he was always partial to you as a boy ; dont you recollect, when we both were children, how often he has set under the great chesnut tree, while we danced waltzes on the lawn before him ? do you recollect those times, Adrian ?

Adr. Do I ? ah, where flows the Lethe to wash away remembrances so sacred and so sweet ? precious, inestimable moments ! they are the roses in memory's party-colored wreath, the grains of gold, that time shakes from his glass, unmixed, before the vulgar sands begin to filter !

Orr. A few kindred atoms may yet be sprinkled on the heap. We will dance together again, Adrian, and you shall be my partner at our first ball.

Adr. Nobility might claim your hand——

Orr. But friendship should receive it !

Adr. My head would be bewildered by such bliss.

Orr. Still if your feet were preserved, our dancing might proceed—then, the harp and tabret preluding merrily in the hall——

Adr. The polished, oaken floor just vibrating to our step——

Orr. Our arms skilfully twisted in each other's——

Adr. Our breaths mingling, and our eyes encountering——

Orr. Oh, Adrian !

Adr. Orrila, my own Orrila ! (*they spring involuntarily forward and embrace*)

enter GITHA, behind.

Gith. Hoity-toity ! pretty indecorous conduct, truly ! kissing and hugging in open day : why lady Orrila, lady Orrila, have you no shame ?

Orr. Of what should I be ashamed, Githa ? is it a fault to express my friendship ?

Gith. Friendship, truly ! cant friendship be expressed in words, and at a decent distance ? and you, mr. Adrian ; out upon you, young graceless, if any person had been in sight, when you embraced lady Orrila, I should have swooned with shame !

Adr. But no person was in sight ; we were quite alone ; therefore, my dear Githa, there could not be any harm.

Gith. Ah ! I dont know that—I dont like young people to embrace.

Orr. Nay, Githa, now you are inconsistent ; for I remember many years ago, when Adrian and I had wrought some childish quarrel, you ordered us to embrace, and become friends again.

Gith. Girl, vexatious girl ! if I did—circumstances change with time—and persons change with time. (*measuring the figures of the young people meaningly with her eye*)

Adr. Yet some there are, whose persons bid defiance to the power of time—your own, for instance, Githa. I think I never saw you look handsomer than to-day.

Orr. No ; nor dressed with a happier taste—that stomacher fits so bewitchingly tight.

Adr. Then those rose-colored trimmings lend such a lively glow to the complexion !

Gith. Ah, you are a couple of good children, and I dare say you meant no impropriety ; so I'll forgive you both. But come, my lady truant, you must homeward now. Marry, a pretty chase you have led me this morning, over rocks and through briars ; its a providence my point-lace hood was not torn to pieces among the brambles ! they are waiting at the castle for my orders, in a thousand important matters ; and if his lordship should arrive while I am absent—mercy, what a hurrying thought.

Orr. Is my father, then, expected so very soon ?

Gith. Every hour, every minute ; and unless I am upon the spot, nothing will go right ! come—homeward, homeward.

Orr. Adrian, you will visit the castle by noon ; you will dine with us ; I shall prepare my father to expect you.

Adr. Your words are my oracles of fate ; and tis religion to obey you.

Orr. Then you will come ; remiember I have your promise.

Gith. Lady, lady ! will you tarry here till mid-night ? homeward, I say !

Orr. Have with you Githa—Adrian farewell.

Ere level sun-beams strike at noon-tide hour,
The brook runs low, and droops the fev'rish
flower,

Let thy light step o'er skim the parting plain,
And friendship lead to Orrila again !

Ad. Ah, doubt not, fair one ! of my dull delay,
Since life is *with* thee, and but breath *away* !

Or. Though space parts bodies, nought our souls can
sever,

Ad. Long have they mutual been——

Or. And shall for ever !

[*exeunt Orrila and Githa*]

Adr. Heart swell proudly—pulses throb with unrestrained delight—the moment I so long have dreaded, which, at a distance, threatened like a dark and stormy cloud, now it has reached me, breaks into genial, sunny shapes, and all my terrors are transformed to joys.—The solitude of Rosenheim is disturbed, but the singleness of affection remains inviolate. High born men are competitors for her favor ; still Orrila prefers her earliest friend, the lowly and unknown.

enter madame CLERMONT.

Mad. Adrian ! have our visitors departed ?

Adr. This instant, we exchanged adieu !

Mad. Tis well—it was my wish to find you alone—to speak to you without a witness——

Adr. Whence is this disorder ? your look—your voice—your manner——

Mad. If they are wild and terrifying, they do but reflect my heart—are you prepared to quit your native valley, and accompany me to a distant country ?

Adr. Eternal powers ! whither would you go ?

Mad. I have not yet decided ; but all roads are equal to me, if they lead from Rosenheim.

Adr. I shudder while you speak—at Rosenheim lives Orrila—must I separate from her?

Mad. Or from *me!* answer me, Adrian! from your childhood upwards, have I not proved to you a kind, indulgent parent? have I not watched by you in sickness, and administered to your pleasures when in health? does the unwearied care of eighteen years entitle me to your gratitude? is my happiness regarded by my son?

Adr. Ah, why those questions? heaven sees my heart and knows that it is grateful.

Mad. Then by every claim of duty, and every prayer of nature, I call upon you to preserve a mother from distraction: will you consent to leave this country?

Adr. What are your motives for departure?

Mad. I cannot utter them. Oh, Adrian, you are the only object of my love on earth—I cannot resign you but with life: yet man, cruel man, would despoil me of my treasure; afar, to wilds and woods, and pathless deserts, let me fly, and hide you from his search?

Adr. Merciful heavens, what is my danger? whom must I shun?

Mad. Altenburg! if he sees you, I am lost; he would tear you from me; and that instant, despair would strike me to the grave.

Adr. Impossible! in earth's wide range, no heart so ruthless can be found, that would despoil a parent of its only child.

Mad. (*shrieking frantically*) Peace, inhuman boy, peace, peace—let me not hear those words—those fatal, doom-denouncing words; I burn—I blaze—madness scorches my brain.

Adr. What have I said to wound you? how have I offended?

Mad. (*flinging herself wildly at his feet*) Adrian, behold me at your feet. The mother kneels before the son.

Adr. Madame, parent, rise, rise!

Mad. Never, till you have promised to comply. I

am wild—I am desperate; speak, then, for life or death is in your word.

Adr. At once I yield my fate into your hands; dispose as you will, of it and me.

Mad. Take my eternal blessing in reward. This night we leave the valley.

Adr. Oh, my heart; but shall we not return?

Mad. Never, while Altenburg remains at Rosenheim.

Adr. Has he, then, injured you so deeply?

Mad. He is my bane—my curse—my horror! he steeped my early youth in tears of bitterness; and now, in riper age, his fatal agency pursues me still.

Adr. Oh, for those tears, may the oppressor's life drops fall. Hear me, eternal justice, while I curse—

Mad. (*catching his arm*) Forbear, though all mankind conspire to curse his name, still be your lip silent, Altenburg must not be arraigned by you; no—no—never by you.

Adr. Am I not bound to hate the man who persecutes my mother?

Mad. To shun, but not to hate him.

Adr. Your words confound me. Oh, say, what dreadful mystery is woven with my fate?

Mad. Inquire not, and live happy. Ills without remedy, are best without a care.

Adr. My soul cries out, and must be satisfied—you possess the fatal secret.

Mad. But never will divulge its nature.

Adr. Cruel.

Mad. Ah, rather call me kind. Adrian, submit: your word is pledged; and I exact the promise.

Adr. It shall be performed. But oh, my heart sickens at the thought; must I lose Orrila?

Mad. You will save a parent. Come, prepare for our departure: a moment's struggle and the sacrifice is past. Safety and peace invite us hence; ruin and despair await us here; the destroyer is at our gate; decide to fly, or perish.

[*exeunt*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I—*a terrace before the great gates of Rosenheim castle—the domestics and peasants are ranged in lines on each side—HAUFROY, the old family minstrel, is seated in front, playing on the harp—LOTHAIRE and MINNA at his side.*

SONG—HAUFROY—and CHORUS.

Strike the harp, the chorus raise ;
Sing our native chieftain's praise :
Endless honors—deathless fame,
Crown the lord of Rosenheim.

Mighty line, whose source of old,
Mixt with streams of royal blood ;
All its sons were just and bold,
All its daughters fair and good.

CHORUS.

Endless honors—deathless fame,
Crown the lord of Rosenheim.

count ROSENHEIM enters with prince ALTENBURG, during the latter part of the chorus.

Alt. I envy you, my dear count, the proud pleasure of a scene like this. Yours is indeed a home, where every living creature meets you with a smile.

Ros. Ay, Altenburg, I was well nigh surfeited of smiles before we left court—for there, all faces wear them as a livery of office, never to be cast off, save when the chamberlain decrees a mourning : but here, the simple knaves have unsophisticated muscles ; and the feature alters even as the feeling varies ; believe me, I can appreciate the difference.

enter ORRILA, followed by GITHA, through the gate—she casts her eyes eagerly round, till they reach the count.

Orr. Yes, tis he ! my heart at a single glance identi-

fies his person—father, dear, *dear* father ; will you not bless your Orrila ? (*throws herself rapturously on his neck*)

Ros. My Orrila ! what the little lass, whom I left scarce taller than my walking-stick.

Gith. (*pushing forward*) Ay, your lordship finds her rarely grown ; but its all my doing.

Orr. Ah, can you hesitate to believe ? does not your heart acknowledge me for your child ?

Ros. Yes, with tenderness—with pride—though faith, a pleasant wonder mixt withal ; heaven bless you, my girl.

Orr. Oh, I have a world of words to utter ; a thousand things to relate, and yet a thousand to inquire—tell me if——

Ros. Hush, hush, affection shall find its hour anon ; but the present moment, ceremony claims—let me present to prince Altenburg, the lady Orrila of Rosenheim.

Alt. Fair creature, while I imprint a stranger's fervent homage on your hand, say, may I hope your heart hereafter will receive me as a friend.

Orr. It does already, sir ! you are my father's friend, and must be mine—besides, though to my eye you offer now a stranger's form, yet has my ear been long familiar with your virtues. Often in this solitude have I heard your name, and the blessings of good men have always made it holy ; then do not wonder if I treat you as an old acquaintance, for indeed I was your friend before you knew me !

Alt. Delightful, dangerous flattery ! let me not listen to your voice, when belief seems arrogant ; and yet to doubt were worse than heresy !

Ros. My life upon't the girl speaks honestly—my letters, Orrila, had taught you how to estimate the prince's character.

Orr. They prepared me, sir, to admire, respect, and love him.

Alt. To love me, Orrila ! (*catches her hand eagerly*)

Orr. (with simplicity) Yes, like a second father !
(*Altenburg drops her hand again with a mortified air*)

Ros. Ay, ay ! filial affection is the only sort of love my poor Orrila has yet been taught to comprehend, and she freely offers all she has the knowledge to bestow. Take her by the hand, Altenburg, I consign her to your care. (*turning to the peasants*) My friends, make merry ; let the flagon pass cheerly round, and pause not in the circle—my cellars have been crammed with too many vintages unproved ; they are ill of a plethora, and a plentiful bleeding will but mend their habit : fear not to offend with overmuch clamor : I love the noise of mirth, and never complain of discord in the voice, when I know that harmony attunes the heart. Lead to the saloon !

Vassals. Long live the lord of Rosenheim ! (*Rosenheim passes up the stage—Altenburg follows leading Orrila—the peasants &c. bow as they enter the gate*) Long live the lord of Rosenheim.

(*Haufroy, the bard, advances to the front of the stage, and the vassals form a group around his figure—two pages bear his harp*)

Hauf. Strike the wild harp anew ; strike cheerfully ;
And weave the sounding song of other times.
Strike to the warrior's ghost of elder fame,
Who now reclines upon the silver cloud,
And list'ning haply to his warbling record,
Bends his sacred brow to earth, and sweetly
smiles :

Awake my soul and trace the awful mould
Of living heroes in the glorious dead !

SONG—HAUFROY.

Our lion-hearted lords of yore .
From roman helms the laurel tore.
With bosoms bare, they braved the war,
Impell'd the spear, or whirl'd the car :
Great Cæsar paused in mid career,
His eagle scream'd, a note of fear ;
And trench'd with gashes deep and wide,

Each dying hero sternly cried—
 “ *Oh native land ; I fall for thee,*
“ Thy shrines, thy hearths, and liberty.”
 Peace to the chiefs of other days ;
 The bardish dirge has sung their praise ;
 The poor man’s pray’r and orphan’s sigh,
 Have whisper’d their sweet elegy.
 Their forms are lost, their souls survive
 In sons the great forefathers live :
 And down the far-stretch’d line we trace
 The antient VIRTUE of the race.
 Still like the prophet’s mantle given,
 Whene’er the sire was borne to heav’n. [*exeunt*]

SCENE II—a saloon in the castle.

enter ROSENHEIM and GITHA.

Gith. Yes, my lord, I promise you, the lady Orrila is a most accomplished damsel, fitted to reflect a grace upon any court in christendom.

Ros. Well said, old Githa ; let me find the girl’s mind enriched, and I shan’t regret that her father’s pocket has been impoverished—but, faith, her education has cost me plaguy dear.

Gith. Your lordship ordered me not to spare expense, but to engage the most eminent instructors.

Ros. I did so, but has Orrila proved an apt scholar ?

Gith. In truth has she—in the first place, she is an absolute mistress of languages.

Ros. Ay, that came naturally, for her mother had the gift of unlimited speech before her.

Gith. Then she plays on the spinnet, dances miraculously, embroiders to a prodigy, and for her morals, I have formed them precisely after the model of my own, and I can defy satan to find a single flaw in the composition.

Ros. But how has Orrila borne her long seclusion ? has no complaint ever escaped her lip ? no murmured wish for brighter scenes and pleasures of the world ?

Gith. None, my lord ; the dear child has never seemed to think any pleasure could be found beyond the limits of this valley. No ; give her but my virtuous conversation, her books, and her Adrian, the world has no amusement left for her to desire.

Ros. Adrian, Adrian ; pr'ythee what amusement is that ?

Gith. Oh ; its a young man. Has your lordship forgotten him ? he is the son of madame Clermont, the widow gentlewoman, who lives at the white house.

Ros. I recollect now ; a strange, mysterious woman, who came nobody knew whence, and belongs nobody knew to whom. Ay, and her child, a pretty, laughing, rosy cheeked lad—yes, yes, I remember him too, he was a play-fellow of Orrila's. Well, but Githa, that is an amusement my daughter must have lost long ago.

Gith. Oh, no ; the youth has remained in the valley ever since.

Ros. But you have not suffered him to associate with my daughter ever since ?

Gith. Certainly, I have. When your lordship was on the spot, you approved of the acquaintance.

Ros. Zounds ; woman, they were both children at that time ; why, the boy was in petticoats !

Gith. Yes, but after he was breeched, my lady grew more partial to him than ever. So I could not find it in my heart to separate them.

Ros. Then they have frequently been together of late ?

Gith. Not a day has passed without their meeting ; in fact they have never been asunder, except at meal-times and of nights.

Ros. And you could perceive no impropriety in all this ?

Gith. Assuredly not, unless they had been quarrelsome indeed ; but, heaven bless them, the good children were always of one mind, and seemed to love each other better than all the world beside.

Ros. (*passionately*) Githa, Githa ! you are an old fool.

Gith. My lord !

Ros. You, who I placed about my daughter, as an argus, to—but get you gone, and send Orrila to me this instant.

Gith. My lord, do but hear me.

Ros. No, I have heard too much from you already ; be gone, I say, old crone, and send Orrila to me.

Gith. Well, I'm gone, my lord. Marry, come up, here's a coil and a stir without a reason ; a passionate, cross grained—ah, I wish he was at Dresden again, with all my soul !

[*exit muttering to herself*]

Ros. So—I had placed a notable dragon to guard my golden fruit—one, that suffers a venturous urchin to leap the orchard fence, uncheck'd, nay, climb over its very back, and pluck the apple while yet it is green upon the bough. Surely this stripling cannot have dared ; Orrila's pride never could permit : no, no ; I alarm myself without a cause ; and the whole fact is, two young persons have continued to think like children, after they have ceased to appear so.

enter ALTENBURG.

Alt. My friend ! I have seen your mansion, your gardens, your gallery of paintings, your collection of statues, and with all your inanimate valuables I am pleased, but with the living treasure, your lovely daughter, I am charmed !

Ros. Ay, though I am her father, I'll be bold to say, the girl may wear a coronet, and never shame its splendors by her face. Perhaps a little wildness mingles with her manner, but that is a failing court examples will soon correct.

Alt. Heaven forbid : with me that very wildness bewitches even beyond her beauty—the pampered flower which art educes from a hot-house bed, may claim our wonder ; but far more fair and fragrant is the rose, that nature plants at random, bathes in her dews, and sweetens with her breath !

Ros. So then, my little Orrila has overcome a mighty

statesman, with a single shaft from her black eyes ; you are in love already ?

Alt. Not quite so—in love I can never be.

Ros. Heyday ! what sort of a suitor, then, is my daughter to expect ?

Alt. Do not mistake me—I admire Orrila, and as my wife, shall cherish and respect her. But love, that wild, romantic passion, such as boys feel, and poets feign, I never can welcome to my breast again. Once I felt its sway ; felt it in all its fatal mad excess—I was its dupe, its slave, its victim ! ah, Rosenheim, light minds may love, lose, forget, and love again ; but the sensitive soul can make but one election, and then, or bliss or bane for ever stamps its choice.

Ros. Nay, Altenburg ; be not too disconsolate a widower either, tis true your late princess was an amiable woman, but many years have elapsed since her loss ; besides, if report might be credited, your marriage in the first instance, was rather the effect of obedience than inclination.

Alt. I confess it. My deceased wife was not the object of my love, neither is she now the cause of my regret.

Ros. Then who, in the name of all enigmas, is, or was, the inamorata you bewail ?

Alt. Never to mortal ear have I revealed the secret ; but our long friendship, and the close relationship in which we are soon to stand, now exacts from me a full and perfect confidence. Listen then, dear Rosenheim, to the brief confession of your friend, and learn the history of his love, his guilt, his shame ! at that perilous, yet careless period of existence, when the blood flows freshly through our veins, and our pulses leap, delighted, under each new touch ; when we are libertines, rather through constitution than from vice, it was my chance or destiny, to meet a lovely girl, who caught at once my roving heart, and fixed the inconstant for ever in her toils. She was an orphan, of a good family, but slender fortune ; her person was exquisite, and her age sixteen. Accident favored me

with perpetual opportunities, and my passion was soon returned with an ardor equal to its own. Oh, let me hurry over the accusing retrospect : I cannot dilate upon my own enormity ; in a word, then, I vowed and was forsworn ; she trusted and was deceived.

Ros. Umph ; you betrayed this innocent ?

Alt. Ay, like a villain betrayed the guileless, unsuspecting heart, that knew not treachery itself, and deemed all natures pure and open as its own. A child, a nameless child, was born amidst its mother's tears and blushes. Still I continued to promise reparation, and still delayed it, when a marriage was proposed to me by my family, with one of the richest heiresses in Saxony. At first, conscience started, and I refused compliance ; but my relatives insisted, nay, threatened disinheritance, and I—oh, disgraceful coward ; I feared to meet poverty rather than dishonor. My career of crime was soon consummated, and at the altar of insulted deity, I pledged to another those vows which were the rightful attributes of her I had betrayed.

Ros. Did you then abandon this poor unfortunate, with her infant to the precarious mercy of the world, without protection or support ?

Alt. No, Rosenheim, think me not yet a wretch so monstrous. Immediately I offered independence, nay affluence, as an atonement for her wrongs.

Ros. Did she accept the compromise ?

Alt. She spurned both it and me : my splendid bribes were trampled under her feet in scorn ; and, unknown to all, with her infant in her arms, she suddenly quitted her abode, nor deigned to leave one poor farewell behind. Twenty years have rolled away since her departure—and from that moment, to the present, no tidings, either of mother or of child, have reacht my ear.

Ros. Poor souls, poor souls.

Alt. Eternal justice soon avenged their wrongs on me and mine. Death, prematurely called my princess ; and her son, the only issue of our marriage, and the sole fond hope of two noble families, while yet an in-

fant, perished in the Elbe ; his floating garments only were recovered from the stream. Deep at the river's tangled roots my boy lies buried ; no decent sepulchre allowed his form, but fleeting ideas his only monument. Dreadful retribution—time has cicatrized, but cannot heal my wounds ; then cease to wonder, if a heart, which lives to sorrow, should be dead to love.

Ros. Well, well, but let me understand you ; did you not first propose to me this marriage with my daughter ; and are you not come here for the express purpose of—

Alt. Yes, my good friend, yes. Public duties should be paramount to private feelings : the name of Altenburg has been transmitted to me from a line of heroes ; their treasures have been wasted to support its consequence, and their blood has flowed to preserve its honor ; such a bequest is a sacred charge, and I must not suffer it to sink with me into oblivious dust unclaimed. You, Rosenheim, have been my tried and trusted friend, and from your hand it is, I wish to receive a second wife. Offer, for me, then to Orrila, all I have left to give, my title, fortune, and entire esteem—if the lovely maid accepts—

Ros. (eagerly) Never talk of ifs ; there's my hand that is a contract for my daughter's. I hear her coming—suppose you acquaint her with your intentions at once ?

Alt. No, no, I have been so long out of the habit of making love, I should blunder abominably, if taken by surprize. Could not you break the business for me, and preserve me from the awkwardness of a regular, formal declaration ?

Ros. What, you who have treated of peace or war, with the representatives of kings, to shrink from the simple question of matrimony with a green girl ?

Alt. Ay, and with reason ; for let me tell you, the difference between sixteen and forty-five, requires more nicer adjdgment, than many disputes of em-

pire. Your falconers are just sallying from the courtyard—I'll accompany them for an hour's sport, and you can employ the interval to my advantage with your daughter.

Ros. Well, be it so ; but I warrant you, my little Orrila——

Alt. Hush, she is here.

enter ORRILA.

Orr. Dear sir, Githa said you had inquired for me.

Ros. Right, my girl, come hither.

Alt. Now, count, that you are provided with better company. I will release you from mine.

Orr. Will you leave us, sir ?

Alt. Ah, how swiftly to return, if Orrila regret my absence.

Orr. Are you for the hawks, sir ? sure tis a cruel sport.

Alt. Yet destruction is the work of gentle spirits, as often as of ruder souls : *abroad*, I hunt poor birds into the toil ; *here*, the graces weave a net for mortals, and I tremble for myself. [*bows & exits*]

Orr. If I did not know the prince to be my father's friend, I should consider him the daughter's enemy, for, indeed, he has paid me so many compliments, that, had I believed him, would have made me a sad, vain girl.

Ros. Ha, ha, you like him the better for it. A woman never quarrels with flattery in her heart. Own the truth, now, Orrila, dont you like the prince excessively ?

Orr. Yes, indeed, I think I do. But I am not sorry he has left us now, because I wanted to talk with you on a number of interesting topics. In the first place, I must tell you, your old favorite, Adrian, will dine with us : I have invited him.

Ros. Umph.

Orr. I knew you would be rejoiced to see him ; but I am sure you will be surprised, too ; for he has grown so tall, and so handsome ; then, he has acquired so many accomplishments——

Ros. (testily) Curse his accomplishments.

Orr. Sir!

Ros. Pshaw, let the boy, Adrian, and his catalogue of merits, be canvassed with dame Githa, and the gossips of the buttery; your father's attention requires a theme somewhat more exalted. Tell me, Orrila, seriously, and from the heart—what are your sentiments towards prince Altenburg?

Orr. Such as, I trust, become the daughter of his friend—respect—esteem.

Ros. Well answered. What think you of his person?

Orr. Commanding, yet prepossessing.

Ros. Good again! and of his manners?

Orr. All that I could wish, and more than I could imitate.

Ros. Right, very right, my girl. Odd's life, I am so pleased with your good sense—but it shall be rewarded—learn, my dear Orrila. I tell it you with a proud heart—learn, that prince Altenburg destines you to become his wife.

Orr. Father.

Ros. Yes, to wear the most ennobled coronet of Dresden's court, to take precedence of all our saxon dames; to fill your father's soul with triumph, and the hearts of half the world with envy.

Orr. It cannot be, sir—indeed, it cannot.

Ros. Nay, I am not jesting; on my life tis true; I dont deceive you.

Orr. Ah, then you deceive yourself: oh, sir, spare me, forgive me; but, indeed, I cannot marry Altenburg.

Ros. Orrila, pooh, old Githa has been telling you, that girls ought to refuse what they desire, at *first*, for an appearance of decorum; but here such coyness would be idle; prove yourself, therefore, sensible of the honor conferred upon your family, and receive the prince, on his return, as your future husband.

Orr. Ought we not to love before we marry?

Ros. Well, you *do* love him, or at least, you *will*;

with his external requisites you confess yourself satisfied, and for the qualities of his head and heart, I dare vouch to you. Faith, I ought to know them—I have been the companion of his youth.

Orr. Ah, but I must be the companion of his age.

Ros. Pshaw, the difference of a score of years is immaterial—the forest tree attains its full growth, before the woodbine is twisted round its trunk, yet we behold the two adhere right lovingly, enjoy the same sun-beam, and bend together in the storm. But in short, my girl, the match is fixt—the settlements were completed before we left Dresden; and, as the prince's absence from court cannot be prolonged, on this day week he will lead you to the altar.

Orr. (*casting herself on her knee*) Father, father, have mercy on your child.

Ros. Mercy—how or where is it required?

Orr. As I have a soul—so truly, that soul consents not to this marriage.

Ros. Orrila, have a care—you are my only child, and I would fain prove to you an indulgent father—but, beware how you provoke me on a point like this.

Orr. Your commands will kill me——

Ros. Ha! a suspicion—a terrible one, glances on my mind—heaven forefend it be true. Answer me, Orrila, can it be possible that you love another?

Orr. (*trembling*) Ah, sir, whom should I love—no man has ever yet addressed me as a lover.

Ros. Tis well, for his own sake, no insolent has dared—then mark me, young lady—it is my command—a father's command—that these mawkish scruples be dismissed in silence, and that Altenburg receive an unreluctant hand—a word further, let me hear no more of your visits to madame Clermont—all intimacy between you from this period must cease.

Orr. Cease, sir!

Ros. I have spoken it: with her and with all her family. Now, Orrila, you fully know my pleasure and your own duty. [*exit*]

Orr. (*after a pause*) Do I wake? or is it but a

dream, a false, frightful dream, that would abuse my senses? but one little hour ago, and I was happiest of the happy—I wished not, feared not; my world was in my compass, and I could proudly have said to fate, “tyrant of others, Orrila defies thee.” Now, all is changed, all faded, all destroyed! Adrian, Adrian! how my heart rives at that name! am I commanded not to see him—ah, wherefore then should day light visit these eyes again? day-light, less longed for and less welcome than the sight of Adrian!

enter LOTHAIRE.

Loth. Lady Orrila, may I approach you?

Orr. Lothaire! what would you with me, boy?

Loth. (*aside with spleen*) Boy! always boy! I bring you a letter, sweet lady; I took it from a peasant at the castle-gate. (*presents a billet*) What a beautiful white hand she has!

Orr. Ah, tis Adrian’s writing—(*she unfolds it eagerly*)

“Pardon, dear Orrila, the strange abruptness of this
“note—tis traced by a trembling hand, and dictated
“by a distracted heart. In a few hours, I am
“detined to leave the valley, you, and every thing
“my soul prizes. I am forbidden to visit the castle;
“but madness will be my fate, unless I see you
“before my departure. Come to us, then, though
“but for a moment, and eternally shall your name
“be blest by
“ADRIAN.”

Then, at the same dark hour we are both assailed by fortune, and both condemned to suffer

Loth. Lady, I pray be not offended—I would not presume, indeed I would not for the world; but you look distressed, and, if so poor a youth as Lothaire could do you aught of service, twould be his honor, his delight! ah, I see you weep; heavy tears roll down your cheek—I cannot bear the sight—oh, lady, on my knee, I pray you to command me; I’ll be faithful to you ever; in truth I will.

Orr. Alas, you cannot serve me—this cruel letter—

Loth. I know it, lady, it comes from Mr. Adrian ; perhaps you wish to see each other, and perhaps, I beg pardon ; but perhaps, my lord, the count, objects to such a meeting.

Orr. I am indeed forbidden to approach his house, and yet, to refuse the request of Adrian, perhaps his last request—ah, what a dreadful thought.

Loth. There is a mean still left, lady ; though you may not see Mr. Adrian at his own house, you can meet him at another person's ; and if you would honor the cottage of my sister Minna a visit, I am sure the count would never learn a syllable of the matter.

Orr. But even now, Adrian may expect me in the valley.

Loth. Write but a line to declare your pleasure, and swift as summer's lightning, your trusty courier shall fly to place the billet in his hands.

Orr. You are very kind, Lothaire, but I would not trouble you.

Loth. Ah, mock me not with such a word ; a lady's errands are a page's honors. Fortune denies the glorious laurel to my youth, but beauty's hand bestows a roseate wreath as dear to my ambition. Grant but Lothaire the precious boast, to brush from sparkling eyes one envious tear, and circle with a smile vermilion lips, oh, he would pace it barefoot to the antipodes, or swim wide ocean through the storms of night !

Orr. Yours is a heart, Lothaire, where even traitors might confide. Come to my chamber then, good fellow, some few minutes hence, and I will charge you with a message—how my veins freeze and boil by turns—father, father ; oh, cruel fate ; why must I tremble at a name so sacred ? *[exit Orrila]*

Loth. I'm a man—I'm trusted with a lady's secrets, and that lady is the fairest and discreetest of her sex—yes, I feel it, I know it, from this moment, I'm a man, a real proper man, and henceforward, if any person calls me boy, faith, I'll flout the varlet rarely ; oh, how I long for some adventure ; my spirit is of the true chivalrous stamp, and, had I lived in the days of Ama-

dis de Gaul, I'm sure I should have been recorded as a *preux chevalier*—enchanted castles should have been stormed ; black giants and yellow dwarfs overthrown—captive damsels delivered from ignoble thralldom ; and then, at tournaments foremost would I have flung my gage, defied some haughty saracen to arms, and proved, upon the pagan's vanquished crest, " my lady love, the fairest of the fair !"

SONG—LOTHAIRE.

Gaily, gaily, gaily !

To break a lance at tourney fight,
On prancing steed each gallant knight
By sunbeam red, or moonshine white,
At honor's call would fly !

Gaily, gaily, gaily !

Around the ring, on rising seats,
A crowd of rival beauty meets,
In radiant pomp, to mark the feats
Of love and chivalry !

Cheerly, cheerly, cheerly !

The barriers close, the trumpets sound ;
The neighing coursers forward bound,
And toss their manes, and paw the ground,
Impatient of delay.

Cheerly, cheerly, cheerly !

Now knights to deadly challenge rush,
And lances shiver, bucklers crush,
Through batter'd mail red life-drops gush,
O Jove, how fierce the fray !

Hurra, hurra, hurra !

The pagan falls ; he bites the dust :
No more in war or mimic joust
To cope with knight of holier trust—
What shouts assail the sky !

Hurra, hurra, hurra !
The victor kneels to claim the prize,
But while he kneels with love he sighs,
And seeks in beauty's melting eyes
His boon of victory ! [exit

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I—the borders of a wood.

enter ADRIAN.

Adr. The noon-day sun scorches me to madness ; will not the thick gloom of forests screen me from its rage ? ah, no, no, tis an inward heat that withers me, tis in my brain ; my beating, bursting brain ; fever of despair ; o'erarching woodlands weave no saving shade for thee : I have wandered wildly, and without a bias for my course, but I'll remain upon this spot, whither chance has led me ; for tis by this path my messenger must return. I may learn my destiny a few minutes earlier, and news of Orrila seems at this instant all the purpose of my life.

(the music and the wild cries of the falconers sound without)

enter MICHAEL.

Mich. O, the fine hawks, the rare hawks ; at last, then, I shall see the prince : but how shall I know his person from those of the gentlemen about him ? ah, doubtless by an air of superior dignity ; just such an air as distinguishes me from the rest of our villagers. Ah, mr. Adrian ; who could have thought to meet you here ? belike we are both in the wood for the same purpose—do you come here for a sight of him also ?

Adr. Him ; whom mean you ?

Mich. Why, the great man, to be sure ; his excellency, prince Altenburg.

Adr. No, no, I seek not princes.

Mich. Then you saw him this morning, I presume. Indeed, so did every body except myself ; by whom it was most material he should have been seen. I had planned a noble speech, wherewith to compliment his arrival : but, while I was practising it in the cellar, for my wife always makes me practise in the dark, his excellency came unawares. My villainous neighbors ran to meet him without telling me : and, just when I had got perfect in my words, I found they must remain unheard, and that all the ceremony had been finished an hour before hand.—However, he is in the forest now ; and if I can only meet him, I'll take care so clever an oration shan't be lost. Mr. Adrian, you are a judge of language—I should like to rehearse my speech before you.

Adr. Hence, gadfly, and buz thy flippant plague in other ears—mine are already stung !

Mich. There now ; nobody can give me a civil word, its very strange ; I am polite to every body, yet every body is rude to me. (*music without again*) Hark, the merry falcons draw near ; now, if I could come upon the prince, by surprise as it were, and fling myself before him in an attitude ; then address him——“ oh, wise and magnanimous Altenburg !”

Adr. Peace, trifler ; and torture me no more with that accursed name.

Mich. Oh, fye ; curse the name of prince Altenburg—that is a sort of petty treason. He's a nobleman, a minister of state ; and, above all, he's likely to be your future lord ; for I can assure you, mr. Adrian, from undoubted authority, he is to marry lady Orrila next week.

Adr. (*starting frantically*) Liar, detested liar ; swear to me this instant, that your words were false ; swear it, or these hands shall tear the slanderous heart out that devised the tale. (*seizes upon Michael*)

Mich. Oh, mercy, mercy, mr. Adrian, I shall be throttled.

Adr. Speak, wretch, speak, to save yourself and me!

Mich. Then take your hands from my throat—ugh, ugh ; indeed then, and upon my faith, I've heard the story from fifty people. Its a known fact at the castle, all the servants talk of it.

Adr. (*faintly*) Away ; not a breath more ;—but hence, before my rage quite conquers reason—hence, hence.

Mich. Ay, and willingly. I'd as lief converse tete-a-tete with one of the bears in the forest. Such a hug ; oh, I shall carry a stiff neck for a month. [*exit*]

Adr. What means this fearful uproar of the mind ? it seems, as if, at once, memory restored forgotten images, while fancy quickens all her embryo's into life—the past, the present, and the future, all mix, confuse, and jar upon my brain together, like the chafed circle of a whirlpool's maze—thoughts, in cross-setting eddies, battle to destroy, and hurry reason down a frightful gulf.

enter LOTHAIRE.

Loth. If eyes cheat not, yonder stands my man.—Your servant, gentle sir ; I would exchange a word with you.

Adr. Trouble me not ; but pr'ythee pass, good boy.

Loth. Boy again ; shall I never be called a man ? how provoking ; ah, if you could guess who sent me, you scarce would think it trouble to inquire my errand. The messengers of lady Orrila are seldom slighted.

Adr. Orrila, say you ? be swift, kind youth, and tell me of that name.

Loth. I could prattle till doomsday on so fair a theme ; but happily the lady's hand will please you better than her page's tongue. (*gives a billet*)

Adr. A thousand blessings on the precious gift (*reads*)

Loth. How his eyes dart fire as they read ; what a head for a helmet : oh, I wish he had been a knight-errant two centuries ago, and I his esquire.

Adr. An hour hence, at Minna's cottage ; such is the appointment.

Loth. Yes, sir, Minna is my sister, and under her roof the lady Orrila can meet you unobserved.

Adr. One line has saved me from despair ; I shall see her face, and hear her voice once more. [*exit*]

Loth. Umph : I think my gentleman might have spared an odd word for thanks ; but his raptures only shine forth, while his good manners are put under an eclipse. Lady Orrila calls this tempest of passions merely friendship. Well, if friendship be so violent in this valley, love here must surely prove a terrible disorder ; whilst I tarry in it, kind stars, shield me from cupid's archery.

enter MICHAEL, running in excessive fright.

Loth. Holla ! man—whither so fast ?

Mich. Oh ! brother-in law ! is it you ? dont stop me, I pray.

Loth. What do you run for ?

Mich. To save my neck from a halter. If I'm taken, I shall be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Loth. Hey ! what notable job have you done now ?

Mich. Oh ! my dear brother-in law, one that I fear will prove my finishing job. You must know, I came into the wood on purpose to meet the prince, and deliver my oration to him. At last, I caught sight of his excellency. He was all alone, his horse walking quite leisurely along, and he sitting, as it were, in a brown study. I thought it a glorious opportunity. So I hid myself behind a great tree, and just as he was passing, flung myself all of a sudden before him, in one of my grecian attitudes. When lo ! and behold, the silly beast of a horse no sooner looked up in my face, than he gave a great plunge, and took fright. Nay, I believe the prince himself was frightened too ; for he dropped the bridle out of

his hands—I halloed and shouted, like mad, to stop the horse, but the plaguy animal only galloped the faster, and away it went over hedges and ditches, with his poor dear excellency clinging to the pummel of the saddle.

Loth. Unlucky wretch! why, the prince may get killed.

Mich. That's my only chance—if he breaks his neck, mine will escape twisting, for nobody saw me at the time; and I dare say, he *will* break it, for I left the horse making towards the precipice.

Loth. Heaven's and earth! this instant let me fly to the spot. Follow me, thou mischief making knave, or I'll turn informer, against thee myself, and have thee hanged upon the highest tree in the forest, as a common scarecrow. Follow me. [*exeunt*]

SCENE III—*another part of the wood—the noise of falconers sounds at a distance.*

enter ADRIAN *leading* ALTENBURG.

Adr. You have received no injury, I trust, sir.

Alt. None, my bones have been well shaken, but they have escaped fractures—thanks to providence, and you its agent. My brave youth, I owe my life to you, another instant and the terrified animal would have carried me over the precipice.

Adr. 'Tis the first occasion fortune ever granted me to be useful in society, and I shall cherish its recollection with delight. Can I, sir, afford you any further service?

Alt. Yes, acquaint me how I may best acknowledge to you the debt I never can discharge.

Adr. If you mean the simple action I have just performed, I claim no merit from it, and I desire no thanks.

Alt. Still, young sir, you must consent to receive them; the gratitude I feel, I must be allowed to express; otherwise, you will have saved me

by your courage, only to afflict me through your pride.

Adr. Indeed, you over-rate my service. To see your danger, and to prevent it, was with me simply the effect of impulse.

Alt. As impulse. then, be it greeted. Modesty has its own language, and writes of itself in lemon juice—but gratitude always should have warmth enough to draw the latent cyphers forth, and translate them for the world, in stronger characters. Give me your hand, young man—say, shall this pressure be the pledge of friendship between us?

Adr. Inviolably so; if you, sir, can vouchsafe to exchange regard with one so lowly.

Alt. Whatever be your rank, from this moment I take your fortunes under my own special care; nor shall you blush to own the patron you have chosen; for know, in Saxony's extended realm, next to her sovereign the greatest name—is Altenburg!

Adr. (*starting, and tearing away his hand*) *Altenburg!*

Alt. Ay, the prince of Altenburg.

Adr. Broken be our bond of friendship, ere the breath dries that was its seal.

Alt. How! am I known to you?

Adr. Yes, prince—to be shunned for ever. (*going*)

Alt. Stay, rash youth, stay, and explain this riddle.

Adr. Seek its solution from some other lip; curses would blister mine should I reply. Let mountains rise, and billows flow between us in eternal barrier! 'tis the voice of fate that wills it, and now we part for ever.

[*exit rapidly*]

Alt. Amazement! I heard him, distinctly heard him, yet now I could disbelieve my very senses, and think the whole adventure but a waking dream.—Mysterious, inexplicable youth! he has insulted, and spurned my friendship, yet would I pursue him with its kindest offices: a sentiment till now

unfelt, softens my heart towards him, and even while his eyes and lips darted scorn, a something in the look and voice, like magic, subdued my pride, and changed resentment into mournful wonder.

(cries of falconers—enter Lothaire, and several of the train)

Loth. (running forward) Ah! my lord, you have been in danger—

Alt. But am found in safety. Did not a young man this instant pass you? he took the path through which you reached me.

Loth. Yes, my lord, he rushed along like lightning.

Alt. Was he known to you?

Loth. Perfectly; twas mr. Adrian, the son of madam Clermont.

Alt. Clermont, Clermont! that name is not familiar to me. Where does he reside?

Loth. In the valley here, hard by, with his mother, a widow lady.

Alt. Instantly conduct me to the house. I will see this mother; my curiosity is roused, and must be satisfied at once. Lothaire, lead the way. [exeunt

SCENE IV—*madam CLERMONT's house.*

enter MADAM and LEOPOLD.

Mad. Are you positive the carriage will arrive in time.

Leo. An please you, madam, the master of the posthouse promised to send it for you a little after sun set; twas your own desire I should not bespeak it earlier.

Mad. True, the villagers will not have quitted their labors before that hour, and I wish my departure to escape their notice. How far can I travel before day-break?

Leo. Some ten or dozen leagues, perhaps.

Mad. Oh, further, good Leopold, much further, I shall not delay at inns.

Leo. But you needs must bait for meals and rest.

Mad. No, Leopold, no rest for me ; sleep will not close these eyes, or hush this heart, till we have passed the saxon frontier. (*a knocking at the outward gate*) Hark ! look to the door ; haply tis lady Orrila.

[*exit Leopold*]

I know poor Adrian has written to her, and the gentle maid would scarcely suffer us to depart without "farewell."

re-enter LEOPOLD.

Leo. Tis a strange gentleman, madam, who asks to see you.

Mad. A stranger ! I cannot receive him.

Leo. An please you, I told him you were here, and he is in the house already.

Mad. Well, if it must be, conduct the stranger to me. [*exit Leopold*] Whom can it be ? I cannot remember any person whose business leads him hither.

Alt. (speaking without) Let my attendants return to the castle.

Mad. (shrieking) Ah ! that voice ; tis thunder to my soul ; earth open ; bury me in thy centre, and hide me from the dreadful one ; he comes ; I hear his step—that well-known step—I cannot fly ! sustain me—save me—heaven.

(*she draws the long flowing veil, that is fastened in her hair, hastily before her features, and trembling, leans for support against a chair*)

enter ALTENBURG.

(*the prince bows on his entrance respectfully to madam, whose tottering limbs with difficulty return the compliment*)

Alt. I know not, madam, how I can properly apologize to you, for this abrupt intrusion of a stranger ; but I am inclined to hope, your courtesy will afford me that excuse, which I confess my own invention is at a

loss to offer. *(he pauses for an instant, as if for an answer, and then proceeds)* Although this visit may, in itself, appear impertinent, I protest to you, madam, the motives which have led me hither are pure and honorable. Accident, or rather providence, has this morning introduced me to your son. *(madam shudders, and grasps the chair convulsively)* My life was in danger; an unruly horse had borne me to the edge of a frightful precipice, and was about to leap into the gulf; your son appeared, and, at the hazard of his own life, cast himself between the desperate animal and the abyss. The bold effort saved a fellow creature, and I owe to his bravery, my existence at the present moment. *(madam clasps her hands, and raises them to heaven)* I feel perplexed, when I would relate what followed. Surely, some strange mistake in the name must have caused his conduct; but, scarcely had I announced myself to my deliverer, as the prince of Altenburg, than he rejected my proffered friendship with disdain; denied all explanation of his motives, and quitted me as the direst of his foes. But already I have forgotten the rudeness, and only wish to remember the obligation. Allow me, madam, to hope, through your explanation, that your son's harsh opinion of me may be converted to more kindly sentiments, and my character appear to him in its real light.

(madam advances a step, and appears on the point of speaking, but emotion stifles her utterance, and she turns away again)

Heavens! her face averted, as if in scorn; *(aside)* madam, I fear this determined silence cannot be construed otherwise, than as a proof of your aversion, and too probably, 'tis by the mother's precept the son has been taught to hate me; well, madam, if I may not win your esteem, at least permit me to retain *my own*, and perform the common duties gratitude exacts. Merit, in this hard world, does not always achieve its own reward, and should your son ever require another support, I entreat you, madam, let him command my influence as

his own ; I swear to recognize his claim and serve his interests with a *father's* care.

(madam, no longer mistress of her feelings, bursts into an agony of tears, and falls into the chair by which she has been before supported)

Merciful powers, whence this agitation ? oh ! madam, I conjure you speak. Tell me in what I have offended, and how I may atone !

(he approaches and attempts to take the hand which hangs next to him over the chair, but she recoils from his touch. and motions him peremptorily to withdraw with one hand, while, with the other, she draws the veil still closer that conceals her face)

I perceive too plainly, I am indeed the object of your hatred, and I will not disquiet you longer with my presence. How I have incurred this resentment, heaven knows, I am unconscious. In the administration of government, perhaps I have unwittingly offended many persons ; for a man in office is too frequently judged by the splendor of success, rather than the virtue of intention ; each refused favor creates an enemy, and he is always supposed to injure when he cannot serve. If, madam, by any chance I have wronged either you or your family, I sincerely regret the offence, and, had I been permitted, would gladly have repaired it. But, denied as I am, either to refute or to atone, I have only to assert, and conscience proudly sanctifies my words, *wilful injustice* never yet disgraced the name of Altenburg. [exit

Mad. (after a pause of violent emotion) Surely the bitterness of expiation is now past, and fate cannot have in store another trial like to this. Forbid it, oh ! in mercy, or my torn heart will break in the endurance. After twenty years of sullen calm, the storm returns with tenfold terrors. Yes, we have beheld each other once again—but, ah ! no lingering intelligence of love whispered Matilda's presence to the heart of Altenburg. Oh, time, time ! how must thou have changed me,

when a thin disguise could hide me from that familiar eye. Altenburg and Adrian then have met. The two persons whom a frail mortal has labored for years to keep asunder, heaven's justice has in a moment brought together. Yes, I feel it, I acknowledge it, to be the work of heaven. What then am I, who dare to thwart omnipotence? terrible inquiry! let me not think, for thought in guilty minds, breeds madness, I cannot, no, no—I *cannot*, give him up, he is my single joy in life, my soul feeds on his looks, and only with my last mortal sigh will I resign him. (*rings a bell*)

enter LEOPOLD.

Mad. Leopold! where is my son?

Leo. I saw him walk forth toward the wood an hour ago, and he is not yet returned.

Mad. Still absent—should they meet again! fly, Leopold, and seek him.

Leo. Nay, madam, you cannot spare me now from home, you want a thousand things to be prepared against the evening.

Mad. I only want my child—search the wood—the village—every where, till you have found him.

[exit Leopold]

To the world's end I'll fly, and bear him with me, dear injured boy! idol of my love, yet victim of my vengeance. Once passed the saxon confine, my terrors will in part subside—farewell! my simple home—a long—perchance, a *last* farewell. The sun already crimsons your casements with declining ray, and, ere the yellow moon-beam sheds there its softer light, far hence, a wandering alien, must your mistress rove. Driven by destiny, through unknown climes I seek a resting place; but, ah! I fear me, like the poor assyrian dove, sent forth o'er boundless waters to discover land, my desolate soul will circle widely for a perch in vain, and often murmur on its weary wing, “ah! for the sheltering bourne, I left behind!”

[exit]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I—the valley.

enter MINNA from her cottage.

Min. (*looking towards the mountain*) No person is as yet within sight, yet Mr. Adrian insists it is the time. Poor young gentleman, how swift a change can a sad heart work on a strong form! I protest, when I look at his fine, handsome face, so palely overcast with sorrow, and listen to the piteous sighs drawn from his heart, I am made quite melancholy. I fear me too all is not well with lady Orrila—ah! count Rosenheim must be a merciless man, to send asunder two fond hearts, which love had woven into one.

BALLAD—MINNA.

On one parent stalk, two white roses were growing,
From buds just unfolded, and lovely to view;
Together they bloom'd, with the same sun-beam
glowing,
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.
A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and, unsparing,
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim drest,
Then left its companion—his prize proudly bearing,
To blush for an hour, ere it died on his breast.
But, ah! for the widow'd one—shrivell'd and yellow,
Its sleek silver leaves lost their delicate hue:
It sicken'd in thought—pined to death for its fellow,
Rejected the sun-beam, and shrank from the dew.
Then where ruthless spoiler! ah, where is thy glory?
Two flowers strewn in dust that might sweetly have
bloom'd,
A tomb is the record which tells thy proud story,
Where beauty and love are untimely consumed.

ORRILA *appears on the bridge led by* LOTHAIRE.

Loth. Look, lady! we have reached the cottage.

Min. The saints be praised, the long expected have arrived at last.

Orr. (*running eagerly forward*) Ah! I do not see him—Minna, have I not been inquired for? has no person passed this way?

Min. (*significantly*) Only one, my lady, and he is now within the cottage. In truth, a mournful tenant, but this tap shall be the signal of comfort to him.

(*strikes on the door*)

Loth. Minna!

(*he beckons to Minna aside, and she retires with him behind the cottage*)

Orr. Ah! he comes: for the first time the approach of Adrian seems terrible to me.

(*ADRIAN rushes from the cottage, but suddenly he pauses, when opposite to Orrila—his eyes become fixed upon her for a moment in silence, and then are dropt to the earth with an expression of despair*)

Orr. (*faintly*) Adrian! will you not speak to me? your looks half terrified: but let me hear your voice; music will sooth, and I shall fear no longer.

Adr. Orrila! but a minute since, my heart seemed laboring with a crowd of matters, eager, for speech, and struggling to be heard; yet now I see you, every thought expires in birth, and I forget my wishes while I strive to utter them.

Orr. (*going to him, taking one hand and looking tenderly in his face*) How is it with you, Adrian? your hand is feverish, and it trembles at my touch.

Adr. Ah! tis for the last time that touch must agitate this pulse: its throbs are eloquent, and would express farewell!

Orr. Then it is true that you must leave us. But, as the departure is sudden, I trust the absence will be brief. Say, when will you return?

Adr. Never.

Orr. How, inhuman! recall that word, and say you meant it not.

Adr. Tis my resolve ; I will not ; I dare not, return to Rosenheim.

Orr. Name but the cause—

Adr. Yourself !

Orr. Just heavens ! I ?

Adr. Yes ; I dare not meet Orrila as the—

Orr. As what ? speak, Adrian, speak !

Adr. As the wife of Altenburg. (*his voice falters as he speaks*)

Orr. (*after a pause*) I have not yet consented to receive that name.

Adr. Ah ! but your father will command.

Orr. I may still hesitate to obey.

Adr. (*vehemently*) Will you ; oh, glorious Orrila, will you then, dispute the fatal order ? say that you will, and my beating, dying soul shall bless you for renewed existence. Orrila, *I love you*,—fondly, fiercely love you ; and if you wed another, I must die !

Orr. Adrian !

Adr. Forgive the wild confession of a desperate man. Yes I avow my guilt ; poor and undistinguished as I am, my presumptuous heart has dared to love you. Till this hour I never knew the fatal nature of my passion ; while possessed of your society, the flame glowed gently, and I thought it *friendship* ; but now, condemned to lose you, it blazes with destruction, and I find it—*love* !

Orr. (*timidly*) Perhaps I guessed your secret, Adrian, before you told me ; sympathy breathed it in whispers, and I heard of *your* heart, while I listened to *my own*.

Adr. (*catching her hand*) Rapturous accents : am I then so blest that Orrila returns my love ?

Orr. Away with artful, cold reserve ; the honest soul despises forms, and what it thinks without a blush, it dares to speak. I feel not shame, to sanction *your* love, and confess *my own*. Oh, Adrian ; ours is no common cause of passion, no casual link, forged yesterday, that gold can rivet stronger, or hands

of angry kindred break. Even with our lives our loves began, and affection was elder born to memory, in both our hearts, a cherished inmate, has it ever dwelt, grown with our forms, and strengthened as our minds expanded ; our mutual confidence has been unbounded, and reason justifies what habit first induced. Is there a force in nature then to obliterate traces so confirmed, and so endearing. Ah, no ! a father's mandate may break this heart, but cannot change it. You, Adrian, are the only man I love, and I never can regard another.

Adr. Your words, at once, are my blessing and my curse—the knowledge of your love aggravates the horror of your loss. I must behold the woman I adore, forced a shrieking victim into another's arms, be conscious that she suffers, and mourn *her* sorrows, whilst I madden with my own.

Orr. Hold, nor judge of Orrila so meanly ; a parent's authority is awful ; but heaven may impose a claim more sacred. Shall I, before the altar, clasp a husband's hand, unchosen of the heart ? invoke the deity to witness falsehood, and dare pronounce an everlasting oath of love, while treacherous thoughts deride the words of faith, and all my doating soul is yielded to another ? never, never ! the timid, yielding girl can prove a heroine, when virtue sanctifies resistance ; and though death were the penalty ordained, firmly would I brave it, rather than violate the presence of my god with perjury, or give to an honest man a wife, might prove his shame.

Adr. But, force, brutal force may be used, and tyranny accomplish where persuasion fails. Beset with persecution, and Adrian far away, how shall your gentle spirit bear the trial ? no ! one only way can calm my fears ; this night I quit the valley ; will Orrila embrace a wanderer's fortune, and partake my flight ?

Orr. The thought appals ! does Adrian ask me to desert my father's roof ?

Adr. Oh, god, I did—but already I repent the in-

famous request. (*impetuously*) Think me a villain, Orrila, and drive me from your mind for ever ! a selfish wretch ; poor, and without a name ; who would seduce the heiress of unbounded wealth—tempt her, from peace and greatness, to disgraceful want—and chill her glowing beauties with a beggar's cold embrace ; despise me, Orrila, for I deserve your scorn. Heaven preserve you, dearest maid ; Adrian quits your injured presence, and is gone for ever !

Orr. Stay, stay ! I pardon and regard you still.—Are we then doomed, indeed to part ? and were the brilliant visions of our early years, fantasmas all ? dew-webs, sparkling on the morning grass, which noon-tide suns dissolve ?

Adr. Oh, in mercy let me fly, nor torture me with thoughts of happiness for ever lost !

Orr. No—I cannot, will not lose you ; your warning words were truths, and *now* I feel and see the mighty dangers that beset me. When you shall be at distance—no protector near ; a suitor resolute ; and a father stern, the marriage altar may be lit with deadly brands ; vows may be forced, and a fettered victim given for a bride. In this moment I am either saved or lost ! lover, friend ! I call upon you to preserve me. Take me then, Adrian, I am yours, for ever yours ; and only death shall disunite our fates !

Adr. Excelling bounty : will you, then, give the treasure of your charms to one, whose only wealth is love ? resign the dazzling pomp, and luxuries of rank, to rove obscurely at the sport of chance, and share in solitudes the pittance of a swain ?

Orr. Without a sigh, I can accept the change.—Thou art my world, and all my wishes end in thee ! o'er moor and mountain, though the tempest beat, let Adrian lead me, and my step shall never fail ; his voice, sweeter than the sky-lark's carol, shall cheer my spirit, when fresh morning breaks ; and in his arms o' nights, I'll find soft shelter and the sweetest rest !

Adr. My brain grows wild with rapture ! but I must seize upon my bliss at once to render it secure ; this very evening must you fly.

Orr. Madam Clermont surely will not chide me when she learns my rashness ; no, she may grieve for me, but I think she will forgive me. My father too, even there I still will hope—when the first storm of angry passion shall subside, nature's voice will hush the murmurs of ambition, and softly plead at his heart, an only daughter's cause Is not a parent's dearest wish his offspring's happiness ? and when I am yours, cannot I say to him, “ that wish is gratified ? ” oh, yes ! my father will pardon and bless me ; he will see that I am happy, and then he will bless Adrian also, as the cause of felicity !

Adr. Hope's fairest handmaid is my love ; she blunts the arrow ere the bow is drawn to wound ; and, like the bee of Corsica, from natural bitters can extract a chymic sweet !

enter LOTHAIRE.

Loth. Lady ! a crowd of villagers, homeward speeding, now descend the mountain's side : through yonder thicket winds a path, by which you may regain the castle unperceived—but take it swiftly, or you will not escape their notice.

Orr. Let us then away. Adrian, a short adieu, soon shall we meet again to separate no more.

Adr. Two hours hence, beyond the ruined watch-tower, love will expect its boon.

Orr. Doubt not my coming. Soon as the rosy star of evening dimples western skies and float gray mists o'er stream and dale, shall Orrila redeem her pledge. Hence, doubt and fear ; dark be the hour and perilous the way, love lifts his torch, and leads his votaries on !

[*exeunt severally*]

(*the voices of merriment, accompanied with rustic music, sound at a distance on the mountain, the pipes of the shepherds are heard from different sides,*

and gradually a crowd of peasantry cross the bridge, and assemble in front)

Friedbert. (a peasant) Now, neighbors! to our several homes in peace; the setting sun that shines upon our dwellings, should give our hearts an equal glow. Evening is the peasant's season of delight, for then, in careless pastime, he forgets the toils of day: his infants prattle round the cottage hearth, and love's sweet hand prepares the social board.

PASTORAL.

How beauteous is evening! the setting-sun shines,
Like a faint dying rose, on yon mountains of snow;
How beauteous is evening! the full clustered vines
Absorb the last day-beam and mimic its glow.

How sweet is the union of natural sounds!
The wood-pigeon's murmur, the bleat of the flock;
The squirrel's light step, through the bush as it bounds,
And the loud rush of eagle-wings seeking the rock.

Peace broods o'er the scene with a parent's delight,
These fresh falling dews are pearls thaw'd from her
vest:

In the gray mist she watches the cradle of night,
And rears her white shrine in the cottager's breast.

STANZA—*by the men.*

Tis time for the shepherd his lambs now to fold,
Already the breeze from the mountain blows cold;
The orgies of twilight begin in the air,
And the hum of the new-wak'd creation is there:
The dark droning beetle, the small buzzing gnat,
And the circling career of the weak-sighted bat.

STANZA—*by the women.*

Soon cradled in darkness, will planets shine fair,
A garland of gems drawn through night's raven-hair.
Soon, star of the green earth; in mossy lanes damp
The glow-worm, shall sport her small emulous lamp,
F

And seem from her palace of dew-drops, to say—
“ *My sisters of heaven, I rival your sway.*”

Evening welcome to our bowers,
With thy train of close-veil'd hours,
That like nuns behind thee press,
As their hooded prioress !
Now through misty space from far
Steals thy dewy-dropping car,
Down the dale, through wood, o'er stream,
Hither drive thy wizard team,
And we vow trim rites to pay,
Wavering waltz, and ballad lay !
Come away to lawn and bower,
Come ! we call thee—tis thy hour ;
The wolf howls ! thy watch is set,
Evening ? ho ! grave dame well met !

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I—*madam Clermont's house.*

enter MADAM.

Mad. Tis dark, quite dark, and still he comes not.
What can detain him ! this suspense distracts me !

enter IDA.

Mad. Now, Ida ; is he returned ?

Ida. No, madam ; but, as I stood with Leopold, watching beyond the gate, just now, a sudden clamor, as of men in quarrel, sounded from the forest.

Mad. Ah, my foreboding heart !

Ida. Twas too dark to distinguish objects ; but, as we listened, the name of Adrian was often repeated. Presently the voices became louder, and the clash of swords succeeded. Leopold left me, and ran towards the spot ; but see, madam, he returns !

enter LEOPOLD.

Mad. Leopold, speak—my son.

Leo. Alas, my gentle, brave young master!

Mad. Speak; give in a breath my fate!

Leo. His life is close beset; I saw him fall—a sword was pointed at his breast.

Mad. Not Altenburg's? man, man—save me from the last distraction! o, say it was not Altenburg's.

Leo. I know not whose: numbers prevented my approach.

Mad. Avenging fiends, your work is done; now plunge your victim in the flame she merits.

Ida. Lady!

Mad. Away; nay, hold me not!

Ida. Whither do you rush?

Mad. Where curses call, and bleeding martyrs wait—to my reward; a rack, destruction, and the grave!
[*exeunt*]

SCENE II—*inside of the cottage*—MINNA and LOUITGARDE, *discovered at work.*

DUET—LOUITGARDE and MINNA.

The queerest of goblins, the quaintest of sprites,
Who in good deeds and mischief alternate delights,

Is he who dwells high on the mountain—

All winter he toils and blows fire in the mine,

But rambles abroad when the weather is fine,

And eats the fat frog o' the fountain.

He milks Cicely's cow, long before it is dawn—

While farmers lie snoring, he threshes their corn;

Then down at his length he sprawls flat on the chaff,

And greets the scared clown with a riotous laugh.

Number Nip; Number Nip!

O, mountainous, mischievous, marvellous Nip!

T'other night, as poor Roger was crossing the moor,

And sought through the darkness his own cottage door,
The fiend met him, mantled in vapor—
Now here and now there danced the fanciful sprite,
O'er swamps and stale pools, with a wicked blue light,
Which Roger mistook for a taper.

For hours the night-wand'rer was fain to pursue,
Still further and further the knavish light drew ;
The ground sudden quaked—presto ! vanished the fire,
And poor Roger sank up to his ears in the mire—

Number Nip ; Number Nip !

O, mountainous, mischievous, marvellous Nip !*

Min. Heigho, cousin Louitgarde ; my heart counts every moment with a throb—surely it is time Lothaire should return to us ; is not the hour yet run ?

Lou. Oh, yes, long since ; and see, the sands have a second time half filled the glass ; (*raising the hour-glass*)

Min. Hist, a footstep now hastens to the door—tis Lothaire.

enter LOTHAIRE.

Min. (*eagerly*) Now, my dear brother ; now let us hear !

Lou. (*coming on the other side*) Oh, Lothaire ; we have been so impatient.

(*Lothaire turns peevishly away, and drawing a chair, seats himself in sullen silence*)

Min. Brother, brother ; what ails you ?

Lou. Are you not well, Lothaire ?

Loth. Yes, no ; dont pester me with questions—I have no words to waste on women.

Min. Hey day ! what breeze has blown this humor on ?

Loth. Nay, bear with me—I am well nigh mad ;

* *Number Nip is among the popular superstitions of middle Germany.*

but I mean no wrong to you—oh, I am a miserable little fellow !

Min. Mercy on all sinners ; what cross chance now ?

Loth. I am undone, discarded by my master, and turned adrift to float, as I may, on the wide sea of life ; but that's a trifle—Adrian and the lady Orrila, the tenderest and truest lovers ; they, for whose dear sake I could have welcomed ruin with a smile, alas ! they are also undone, and share my misery.

Min. Heavens ! has their escape then been prevented ?

Loth. Oh, yes—a villain betrayed their secret to the count ; before the luckless fugitives could reach the wood, guards surrounded and forced them from each other—the brave, heroic Adrian vainly strove against a host of foes ; his weapon was beaten from his grasp, and I saw him dragged, disgraced with manacles, before the count ; still defying, though subdued, like a young lion snared in the hunter's net, that struggles in despair, and seems to scorn the destiny he cannot shun.

Min. And the lady Orrila ?

Loth. I know not further—I was suspected as an accessory to their flight. Pride would not suffer me to tell a falsehood, and the old count ordered his laqueys to thrust me, like a base felon, from his gates.

Min. Were you beaten then ?

Loth. Beaten, beaten—look in my face, Minna, and tell me, if it bears the stamp of shame ? tis true, I am not very big, nor over strong, perhaps—but I have a heart, that would have strained and cracked into a thousand pieces, ere any tall, raw-bone fellow of them all, should have brought blows to market, and not been paid their value back. Beaten—quotha, beaten !

(a knock at the door)

Min. Nay, my dear angry bantam cock ; smooth down your plumes, and crow not so loudly, for we have a visitor.

HAUFROY enters at the door which Louitgarde has opened.

Hau. Lothaire, a word with you ; I come from your late master.

Loth. From prince Altenburg ?

Hau. Yes—he has learned from the count the story of your offence, and approves of your expulsion from the castle.

Loth. I have indeed deserved to lose his favor—I feel it, I confess it.

Hau. But his justice is tempered still with mercy—he sends you by me this purse, and bade me say when I delivered it, though he discards you from his service, he yet feels an interest in your fate, and will not suffer poverty to drive you into vice.

Loth. Kind, noble spirit ; oh, that I should merit the reproach of such a master !

Hau. Here is the purse.

Loth. (*putting it away with emotion*) I cannot touch it, the coin would damn me—I can toil, beg, starve, die, rather than revel in the bounty of a patron I have wronged—take it back, Haufroy, for I dare not touch it : it is not pride that hinders me, indeed it is not. Tell the prince that his poor, broken-hearted boy will never cease to bless his name, but that he *dares* not receive his gold—(*bursts into tears*)

Hau. Poor lad ; though prepared to blame, I now must pity you ; oh, Lothaire, what a fatal blot has this inconsiderate hour, fixed on an escutcheon heretofore white and spotless as the lily's cup, ere sun or rain hath freckled it. For threescore years, man and boy, I have lived in the family of Rosenheim, and never till now was shame seen upon their faces, or sorrow heard within their halls.

Min. Good Haufroy, speak not thus, or in sooth, my poor brother's heart will break—where is young Adrian now ? (*to Friedbert*)

Hau. Cast into the dungeon, far from the light of day. The count's passion knows no bound—heaven

help the luckless youth ; he was seized in the very fact of stealing away an heiress, and by our saxon law, the penalty of such a crime is death.

Loth. Death, death ! oh, Haufroy, in mercy say it is not so, or my brain will burst.

Hau. Start not, for tis truth—Adrian's fate is certain.

Loth. I will prevent or share it—Haufroy, on my knee I beseech it, let me pass with you to the castle.

Hau. Mad youth, what purpose could you serve ?

Loth. I will fling myself at the count's and at my master's feet—tell them, *I* have been the wretched cause of all, and that I alone should suffer. Turn not from me, Haufroy—if you reject my suit, despair will end me.

Hau. Come then, thou virtuous too late, thy penitence excuses, though it cannot remedy thy fault.

Min. We will tell our beads in your absence, and pray to every saint in the calendar, for eloquence to touch the count with pity. If Adrian suffers, our valley will bewail its sweetest swain, its golden harvest bend unripened to the ground. and all its cheerful woodlands strew their leaves, ere autumn shakes the tree.

GLEE—LOTHAIRE and MINNA.

On earth's cold lap poor Adrian lies,
Where falling eve-drops count his sighs ;
He starts ! and clanks his galling chain—
Thin echo starts, and clanks again. (*starts again*)

(*the deep and heavy toll of the curfew, announcing the approach of night, is heard at intervals, softened by distance*)

Hark, hark, from abbey turret near,
Slow swings the curfew bell :
Ah, me, lo fancy's shrinking ear
It tolls a lover's knell.

Now loud in air, the dirge-notes swell,
I hear them—listen—bim—bome—bell !

SCENE II—*an antechamber in the castle.*

enter ANSLEM, *followed by* madam CLERMONT.

Ans. (*gruffly*) I tell you again, mistress, that you ask in vain—my lord will admit no visitors.

Mad. Alas ! mine is no idle call of ceremony, tis a heart broken mother, imploring mercy for her child. Surely, good man, you know my face ?

Ans. Ay, I know it well enough, and I know your son's too—a plague on the family face, say I, it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shown in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

Mad. Nay, but deliver my humble message to him, and his purpose may relent : behold my anguish, and do so much for charity.

Ans. Charity begins at home ; and I dont see why I should thrust myself into the way of trouble, only for the chance of a stranger's thanks.

Mad. I am not rich ; yet I can reward a friendly service. Look, good man,—this purse—this cross-let, too—all shall be yours, if you admit me to the count.

Ans. Umph ! I have naturally a wish to oblige, but tis as much as my place is worth to serve you : my lord is in a parlous fury, and has given strict orders not to be disturbed ; however, I've a tender heart ; and, as you say, out of charity one ought to—but is that lock-et made of real jewels ?

Mad. In truth it is—o, do not torture me.

Ans. Well, well, I dont doubt your word—but if I *do* serve you, tis out of charity, more than the lure of gain—I hope you understand that rightly. Wait here in the ante-chamber, and I'll try what can be done. [exit

Mad. Wretched Matilda ! when will the chastise-

ment of my offences cease? will not heaven accept of penitence without atonement? must man be taught to curse, ere god will pardon me? if so, I must indeed despair; for never can the dark confession pass these lips; shame fixes there an everlasting seal, and in the grave my secret must be buried with me.— Yet, oh! the innocent one; the object of my fondest love, is doomed to suffer for my sake. Haply, even now, from his dungeon's depth, my darling Adrian calls upon my name, and invokes me to preserve him. Inhuman! I hear him, yet can mock his prayer. Soon he may be dragged to an ignominious death; and as he passes to the scaffold, in agony of spirit he may point to me, and cry, "behold the unnatural mother, who could have saved her son, yet would not!"

re-enter ANSLEM.

Ans. I thought what answer I should bring you back: my lord commands you to leave the castle, and trouble him no further.

Mad. (fiercely) I will not obey his mandate: I come here to claim a son, and without him I never will go hence—this proud, imperious lord *shall* see me; or like a plague, I'll hang upon his threshold, and pierce his ear with everlasting cries.

Ans. Nay, but I must tell you—

Mad. Away! and let me pass! (*she casts the purse at his feet*) there is your hire—stoop, and be absolved by gold for all neglects.

[passes him and exit

SCENE III—*a saloon*—ROSENHEIM *discovered, seated at a table*—GITHA *standing by him crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my presence half an hour ago—must I still endure your senseless jargon?

Gith. Ah, my lord—be not so harsh with your poor old servant—indeed I cannot quit you, without a word of comfort to carry lady Orrila.

Ros. Carry her my curse—no—not my curse ; but tell her I will never forgive her.

Gith. Ah ! such a message would break her poor heart at once. If your lordship could only see her, just as I left her in her chamber, fixed like a statue, her hands folded on her knees—her cheeks so deadly pale, and her fine dark eyes turned upwards to heaven, all streaming with tears—ah ! sure it is a sight would melt a heart of stone.

Ros. I am glad she suffers—to know that she is miserable rejoices me—if she was to weep till the Elbe overflowed with her tears, she could not wash out the stain she has fixed upon her family.

(a person knocks softly at the door)

How now ! who knocks there ?

ANSLEM appears.

Ans. Please you, my lord——

Ros. No, sirrah ! it displeases—disobedience. like an egyptian plague, taints all my house, and leaves no wholesome creature within its walls. 'Twas my positive order no person should intrude.

Ans. In sooth, my lord, I'm not in fault—that woman is so obstinate, there's no way to rule her.

Ros. Eh, hasn't she left the castle yet ?

Ans. No, my lord ; nay, more, she insists upon admittance to your lordship, and declares you *shall* see her.

Ros. How ! vastly well ! we shall find a way to settle with this positive personage : she *insists* truly ! very right ; let her enter, then : she has chosen a lucky moment ; I'm in a delightful temper to receive her—yes, show the lady hither immediately. Old woman, begone. (*Githa appears about to intreat again*) Once more begone, I say !

(he stamps furiously with his foot, and Githa retires, terrified at his rage, the count then draws his chair forward, and seats himself with an air of excessive irritation)

Now, then, for this determined lady: no doubt twas she who tutored her hopeful son for this exploit: well, well, her visit shall meet a due reception.

enter MADAM.

(she advances with an unsteady step, and bends with humility before the count, who regards her sternly, and does not return her salutation)

Ros. Well, madam, your high and mighty pleasure is complied with: you *do* see me, and now for the business: what have you to say?

Mad. One word. *Mercy.*

Ros. I expunged that word from my dictionary, when a villain's hand blotted the page where *honor* was inscribed.

Mad. Count Rosenheim, you are a parent.

Ros. Ay, madam, a wretched one—your son has rendered me such—I thank you for the recollection.

Mad. Is there then no hope? are you resolved on his destruction?

Ros. Not so; I never take upon myself to decide the fate of any individual, whatever be my provocation; my cause shall be submitted to the excellent laws of my country—which never fail to redress the injured, or to protect an honest subject against the aggressions of the profligate and unprincipled!

Mad. But those laws are terrible.

Ros. Only to the vicious: innocence regards them undismayed: but, in a word, madam, be this my fixed answer to all expostulation; your son shall receive *justice*, and only justice; if the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence?

Mad. Oh, heavens! do not send me from you thus!

Ros. Sdeath, woman! I did hope to have kept my temper with you; but you provoke me now beyond all patience. How have you the effrontery to come into my presence upon such an errand; after you and your son have plotted against me, the basest injury a man of rank could suffer; to steal away my heiress; to pollute the stock of nobility with plebeian blood; and to prop your own bankrupt fortunes with dishonest spoils; to—

Mad. Hold, my lord—nor wantonly trample on a wretch whom affliction has already beaten to the ground! though I lose happiness, let me retain honor: by every sacred name, I swear, even in remotest thought, I was not privy to your daughter's flight; and had I known her fatal purpose, would have perished rather than deserved your harsh reproach.

Ros. (*somewhat softened*) Well, madam, if such really be the case, and you have protested it with solemnity, I am sorry for your misfortune: I can readily believe, unworthy children may spring from honorable parents; and if I have accused you undeservedly, I sincerely request your pardon.

Mad. Ah, that your forgiveness could be won half so easily as mine is granted: but you have a generous, noble nature—and, by all its godlike attributes, I implore you to have compassion on a desolate, distracted woman. (*she casts herself on her knees before him*) Release my boy! restore him to these widowed arms—and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never even by our name to wound your peace again.

Ros. 'Tis in vain—I am deaf to all intreaty—

Mad. (*catching his arm with convulsive fervor*) Count, a soul now kneels to you for salvation; if Adrian suffers, I shall be his murderess, and his innocent blood will fall on my head, and sink me to perdition.

Ros. Away, away, you rave——

Mad. No; I am not yet mad, though soon I may

be driven so ; you cannot, dare not, destroy my Adrian ; he is—

Ros. What ?

Mad. (*shuddering in agony*) There is a dreadful secret—may I confide in you ? will you swear not to betray my trust ?

Ros. (*surprised*) I am a man of honor.

Mad. (*looking suspiciously around, and speaking low*) Ay ; but swear never to breathe in mortal ear, the lightest hint of my confession—swear it, count ; solemnly swear it.

(*she grasps his hand between hers, and rivets her eye on his with terrifying wildness—the count appears astonished and irresolute—while he hesitates, the voice of Altenburg sounds without*)

Alt. (*without*) I must see the count directly—

Mad. (*releasing her hold, and starting up with the look and accent of despair*)—Tis now too late, and I am dumb for ever. (*she draws her veil quickly over her face*)

enter ALTENBURG.

Alt. Count ; I come to make a trial of your friendship—tis now in your power to oblige me eternally.

Ros. My friend ! you should command, rather than request. I am your debtor in kindness for more than I can ever pay.

Alt. Grant me one favor, and you discharge the obligation nobly. Say, have I your promise ?

Ros. Irrevocably.

Alt. Enough—I take you at your word—(*passes to madam, takes her hand with eagerness*)—woman of affliction, cease to weep—the vial of wrath is drained, and the chastising angel smites no more.

(*he returns to the door, and throwing it open, introduces Adrian*)

Behold the boon I claim—tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother.

G

(Adrian rushes forward, madam shrieks faintly, and drops lifeless into his arms)

Ros. Prince ; what does this mean ?

Alt. Strictly justice—life for life. This youth preserved mine ; and now, through your consent, I redeem his from equal peril.

Ros. Prince ! prince ! my honor will remain for ever wounded, if that youth escapes.

Alt. And mine would be slain outright, was he condemned to suffer. Altenburg has broken his chains ; will Rosenheim's be the hand to rivet them again ?

Adr. Look up, my mother ! tis Adrian calls ; will you not bless him with a word ?

(madam without answering, feebly disengages herself from Adrian's embrace—totters toward Altenburg—sinks on her knees and sobbing audibly, takes his hand and kisses it)

Alt. No thanks, dear lady : but if you were once my enemy, only say I have atoned to you, and that I am now forgiven.

Mad. All is forgiven ! all shall be atoned !

(she draws aside the veil, and gazes upon him, pale and trembling)

Alt. Why do you fasten thus your eyes upon me ? gracious heaven ! what dreadful charm is in your looks ? those eyes ; they pierce my soul—never but once I gazed on such before ; terrible illusion ; speak but a word—one word.

Mad. Matilda !

(her eyes close, and she falls prostrate at his feet)

Alt. Almighty powers ; tis she, the wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda. O, let me catch you from the ground and clasp you, for ever in these trembling arms. Matilda, look upon me ; receive my penitence, and bless me with your pardon.

Mad. Away ; such bliss must ne'er be mine. *(strug-*

gling to force him from her) Nay, hold me not. You know not what you do. You press to your bosom a serpent, that would have stung your noble heart to death.

Alt. O, do not shun me. Fancy luxuriates, and I grow wild with hopes—Matilda, Adrian, mother, son, oh god! is he *that* son; dare I to call him *ours*?

Mad. (*with bitterness*) *Ours!* would Altenburg then acknowledge Matilda Carlstein's nameless boy?

Alt. Rack me not with doubts so cruel; bless me with a word, and say that I am still a parent; but wherefore do I ask? nature irresistibly declares I am. Adrian; my eager arms and throbbing heart, expand together and invite a son.

(*he rushes forward to embrace Adrian*)

Mad. (*interposing*) Hold, Altenburg, forbear; Adrian is *not* my son.

Adr. Great heaven; not your son. Oh, mother, do not drive me mad.

Alt. She would deceive us both; but the heart is confident and cannot err.

Mad. Again I charge you hold. By the eternal majesty of truth; here, in the face of man and heaven, I swear it: Adrian is *not* my son.

Adr. What then am I? how must I regard you?

Mad. As a fiend to be abhorred for ever.

Adr. No, no, Adrian blesses you.

Mad. Soon you will learn to curse me—you will—you must—but I care not—my brain burns—yet all shall be confessed.

Alt. Matilda! a child once blessed our love—say, in pity say, where is *that* child now?

Mad. Dead! prince! dead! dead! dust in the grave. Hear me! twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with my wrongs, I left the gaudy mansions of my shame, and sought in the distant shades an humble refuge with my child; desolate as I was, when I pressed my baby to my heart, I still felt comforted; a brief, illusive calm soothed my worn spirit, and I began

again to dream of peace ; when suddenly a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant—for three wretched days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly, heaven knows how fervent were my prayers ; but watch and prayer were vain, and the angel of death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth. Even *now* I shake with the terrors of that hour. It was *your* child, Altenburg ! and, had you seen its soft blue eyes for ever closing, I think you would have pitied its wretched mother.

Alt. Oh, god ; how tenderly—how truly—

Mad. Soft, let me proceed, a direful, dreary blank succeeded, my wits wandered, and for many months I became an helpless lunatic. Suddenly, recollection visited me again, twas at the dead hour of night ; I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the churchyard where my babe lay buried ; as from a dream, the senses seemed to start and wake, no human shape or sound was near ; but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it past me. I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around ; the moon, at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me ; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers. I looked, and I knew it for my baby's ; I could not weep ; fire had dried up the source of tears ; but a new spirit, fierce and fiendlike, rose within my breast ; I kneeled down amidst the moon light dews, and calling on my infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance ; twas on the father of my child I swore to be avenged.

Alt. Unhappy woman, how could you purpose—

Mad. Yet a moment ; both day and night I travelled on my wild design ; at last the towers of Altenburg rose proudly to my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot. unsettled in my aim, but fixed upon revenge—the castle gates unfolded ; and a child, lovely as cherubim, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers and weaving them in play-

ful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed—I gazed upon his features and I knew their stamp: twas *your* son, Alteuburg, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld ; “ *revenge* ” I cried ; and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms ; the turbid waters of the Elbe flowed near—swift to the river’s brink I flew and bore my victim with me.

Alt. Inhuman murderess ! then by *you* my gentle lamb was sacrificed—*your* hands plunged my infant in the roaring flood !

Mad. No—heaven spared me from a deed so damned ! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart : my cruel fraud succeeded—the clothes were found ; their wearer’s death believed ; and unpursued I bore the heir of Altenburg to distant realms—hither to the mountains of Saxony I fled ; and here, in peasant’s weeds, I hid a prince’s form, and reared the fruit of noble veins in vileness as my own ; my race of crime at last is run ! Adrian, I lose my child for ever, but *you* in *Altenburg* regain a *father*.

(Altenburg and Adrian, who have hung upon the sentence in breathless impatience, now rush towards each other)

Mad. Ay ; fly to each other’s arms, and kill me with the sight of bliss I never must partake ; but I do not murmur ; no, may you be blessed for ever, whilst I eternally am *curs’d* !

(her corporal and mental powers appear to yield together, and she is sinking, when Rosenheim catches her and sustains her)

Ros. (*vehemently*) No, lady ; no ! that man must have the heart of a wild beast, who could curse a poor repentant sinner, that, stricken to the earth, implores for mercy !

Adr. (*flying to her*) Mother, dearest mother !

Mad. (feebly raising her head) Ah! that name, Adrian——

Adr. (impetuously) Is your son; you are still his parent, or Adrian is still an orphan.

Alt. Matilda, our offences have been mutual—let our expiation be the same; one son is lost to us, yet another still is ours.

Mad. Ours? o, Altenburg!

Alt. Let Adrian be your son—let Matilda be my wife.

Adr. Blessings on my father.

Mad. Adrian, lead me; let me kneel—

Alt. No—here, next a husband's heart, be folded, and absolved for ever.

(*Rosenheim and Adrian support Matilda—Altenburg meets her with extended arms, and they sink on their knees as they embrace*)

(*the folding doors at the back of the scene open, and ORRILA appears leaning on GITHA and LO-THAIRE*)

Loth. Look up, sweet lady; nay, never droop.

Gith. Ah, I said your courage would fail, when put to't; but you would persist.

Ros (turning suddenly) How now; whom do I see? oh, thou undutiful, disobedient——

Orr. Ah, sir, spare your rebuke—your frown alone has too much terror for your child; humbly I come—

Ros. I know it—you come to whine, and whimper, and wheedle a fond father to forgive you; but you are too late, for I resolved upon your punishment just eight seconds ago; look up in my face, and tell me, if you do not read there a rigorous sentence!

Orr. (timidly raises her eyes—*Rosenheim smiles*) Sir; father.

Ros. Come hither girl; give me your hand; but no, I'll take it by proxy, and you, young man, shall be my representative. (to Adrian)

Orr. Ah, dare I to believe—

Ros. Any thing, but, that your father can be inconsistent ; you must not dare to believe that ; for I never in my life rescinded a resolution I had once formed ; I always said that Altenburg should be your husband, and, tis now, only, to an Altenburg I resign you.

Adr. My Orrila ; I read your marvel in your eyes—but soft you for a while, and these strange-seeming chances shall clearly be avouched for truths.

Orr. I know nor to believe, yet will not doubt—o, if I dream, never let me wake from such delightful visions, but die of the sweet phantasy and only find out the deceit in paradise.

Gith. What ; does your lordship forgive my young lady ? please the saints then, I'll dance a gavot at the wedding.

Loth. When pardon touches all, must I alone despair of mercy ? does my dear master banish me, never to hope recal ?

Alt. From me, your fortunes are indeed divorced, but I will marry them to a kinder service, whence no fickle wish can chance to stray. Kneel to the fair Orrila ! for henceforth there your duties must be bound. Now, my Matilda, let our pilgrim loves that have fulfilled the penance of their youthful fault, rest at the happy shrine, and meet succeeding pleasures doubly relished by needful memory of disasters past.

Mad. Wondering, trembling ; touched with pious awe—I muse ; am conscious ; and adore. But now I stood upon creation's verge, a lonely hermit atom—living, yet unallied to kindred life—lo ! even as a moment ; husband ; offspring ; friends ; with all the heaven-born social charities, endear existence and invite me to a HOME.

Thus when fierce winds the midnight deep deform,
And shrieks on high the spirit of the storm ;
The shivering mariner, aghast with fear,
Clings to the mast, and thinks his doomsday near ;
Sudden—the dark, dread anger clears away,

Clouds blush with light, warm strikes the new-born day.

In murmuring melody the waves subside,
And breeding halcyons nestle o'er the tide ;
Through heaven's blue vast swift kindling glories run,
And waking worlds adore the golden sun.

[exeunt omnes]

THE END OF ADRIAN AND ORRILA:

EPILOGUE.

enter GITHA.

Now one confusion through the realm is found,
And noise and clamor every where abound,
And every *freeman* FEELS his conscious weight,
And *Join* herself, is a *my lady* great.
I come to *canvass*, you, box, gallery, and pit,
For *you* return our parliament of wit ;
While here, in *Covent Garden* still, a *hustings* stands,
And *sheriff Githa* asks a *show of bands*,
For a young candidate, though not *untried*,
But in whose *gratitude* you may confide ;
Who vows and swears, return him *due elected*,
Your rights, your laws, shall ever be respected ;
In short, he *promises*—but who minds that,
All members promise—therefore, *verbum sat*.
I'll to my *canvass* then—what shall I say ?
“ Your *votes and interest*, kind electors, pray” (*bows*)
Let him but *head the poll* this night, and I'll be bound,
No farther opposition will be found ;
For in this town, we know, nine-tenths, the elves,
Ne'er take the pains of *voting* for themselves,
First, then, *accept* my—no, I mustn't so *begin*,
I mustn't *bribe*, your *suffrages* to win.
First with the *young men*, then, my luck I'll try,
I always pity *young men*, they're so *shy*,
Sweet modest youth—hey ! what's this I see ?

enter ORRILA, running.

ORRILA.

Nay, leave the *young men*, governess, to me.

GITHA.

What, interrupted ! shall I not be heard ?

ORRILA.

I mean no interruption, on my word,
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth
To *youthful* hearts the *cause* of kindred youth.

GITHA.

Indeed, *miss prate apace*!—then pray pass on;
 I trust each vote already *HERE'S, my own,*
 Unless you'd wish our *votes to split*—

ORRILA.

Agreed—

I care not *how*, provided we succeed.

GITHA.

Take then the *young ones*,—forward fellows, bold,
 Not that I ever *tried* them— but am *told*,
 And on the score of *long acquaintance*, mine's the *old*:
 Kind friends, who've all, like *me*, been *YOUNG*, in turn.

ORRILA.

Ye *youths* whose breasts with love and ardor burn,
 Give him your interest, cherish rising merit,

GITHA.

To stand a canvass *now*, requires some spirit,
 And as the poet says, “you freemen little know
 “The *rubs* the candidate must undergo.”

ORRILA

He would have *waited on you* here this night,
 But he's so timid—

GITHA.

Lard! he's in a fright.

ORRILA

Let us then *hope*, divested of control,

GITHA.

We only trust you'll not demand a *poll*,
 But do it handsomely, and give him *plumpers*,

ORRILA.

His thanks *WE'LL HERE* proclaim; each night, in
bumpers.

True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,
 You'll thus assert *YOUR freedom of election*;

GITHA.

While “*posts*” and “*chronicles*” shall *herald* him
 to-morrow,

“*Duly returned* for *COVENT-GARDEN BOROUGH*.”

EPILOGUE,

TO THE CURFEW.

May I come forward ? do I friends behold ?
Has not our curfew then its own knell toll'd ?
I fear'd our drama's name alone would fright ye,
Convinc'd no gothic customs could delight ye.
Fine whims indeed were in that monarch's head,
Who all his subjects sent at eight to bed ;
Should modern rulers to such plans resort,
Alas, alas ! 'twould spoil a world of sport.

Those were strange times !—for then the race of
beaux

In cot, and palace, with the sun arose ;
And stranger still, belles, for cosmetics, knew
Not the *olympian*, but the *morning dew*.
From dawn's chill breezes they their roses gain'd,
And queen o'er every thing, pure nature reign'd ;
Nay, such the ignorance of each untaught zany,
They follow'd *larks* as we do,—Catalani.
What vulgar days ! I'm glad they're pass'd away !
Then people slept all night, and wak'd all day ;
To them unknown the eccentric, dear delight
To sleep all day, and visit all the night.
Unfelt by them the joy *our* fashion yields,
In *winter*, towns they sought, in *summer*, fields ;
But wiser, we such *natural* ways disown,
And *cold* months pass in *country*, *hot* in *town* ;
And though a walk at morn's refreshing hour
Might faded beauties native bloom restore,
All such receipts for bloom I deem a bubble,
When rouge, beyond dispute, is much less trouble :
Thus I'm convinc'd all moderns truly wise,
Beyond the *past*, will *present* customs prize ;
And let me hope unenvying times that were,
You'll hate all curfews but the CURFEW HERE.

Yet one word more : by modern changes, witches
Have gain'd the most, for *now* their art enriches ;
Once, stripes, or death their recompense became,
While no one *wish'd* a *fortune-teller's* name ;
Then too in *huts* they liv'd—to us, that's novel !
We do not seek for witches in a *hovel* ;
We for such treasures, *streets*, and *squares* explore :
What splendid coaches throng a CERTAIN DOOR !
Tis a good trade—I'll practise it, I vow,
Nay, with your leave, I will begin it now—

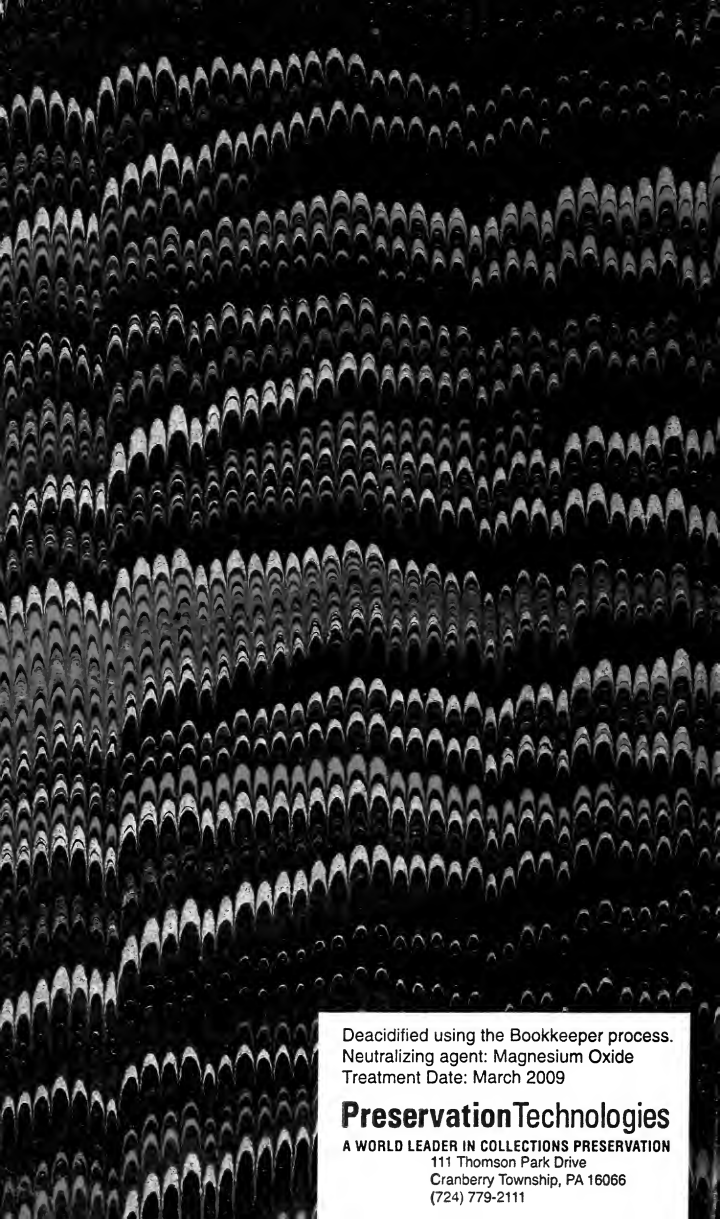
(after a pause, during which she looks round the house)

Our author's fate, I in your faces read,
And dare foretell, our drama will succeed.
Oh ! then, ye critics, if ye friendly feel,
What your *hearts* whisper, let your *hands* reveal,
Applaud, and prove me, what is not uncommon,
And quite the fashion now—a CUNNING WOMAN.







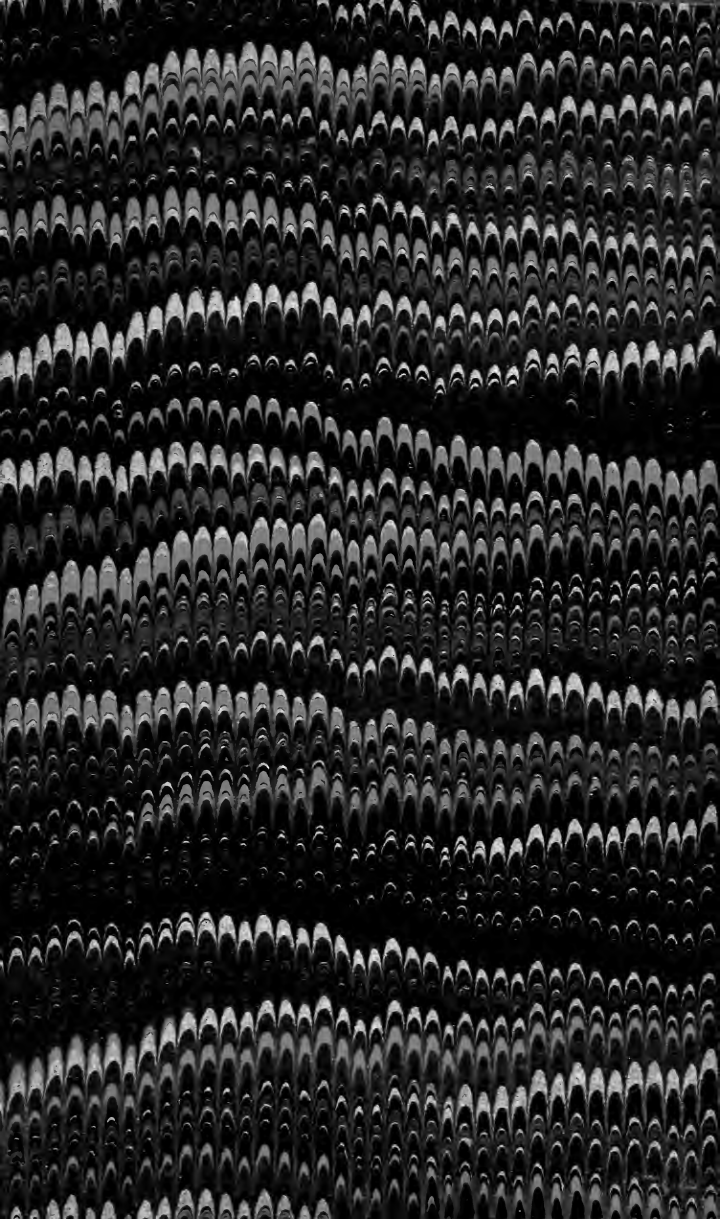


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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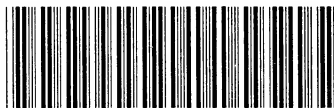
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